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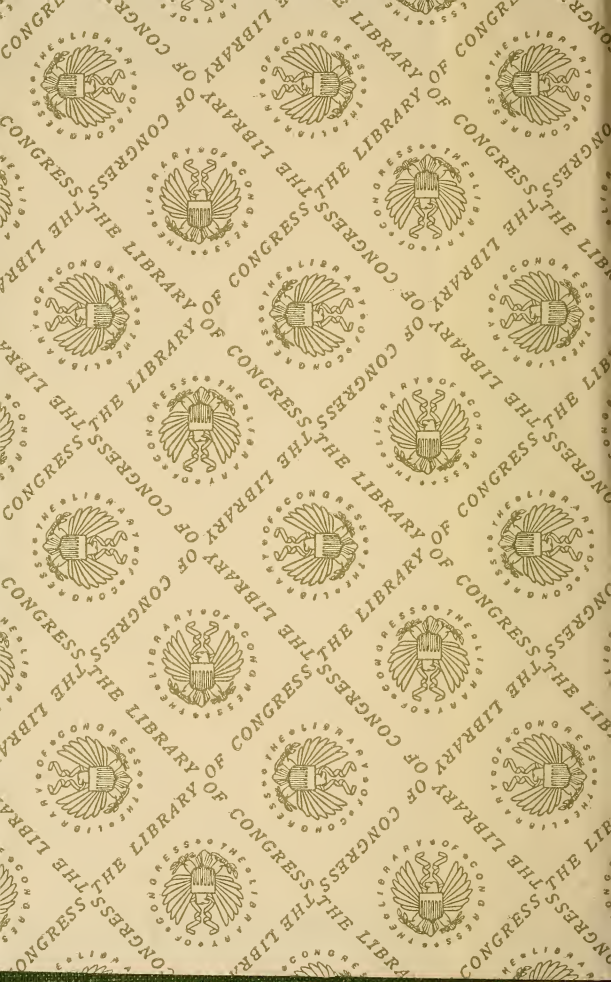
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GEORGE SEYMOUR, C368
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O R.

DISAPPOINTED REVENGE.

A DRAMA:

IN THREE ACTS.

**DRAMATISED FROM LOVER'S CELEBRATED WORK,
ENTITLED "TOM CROSBIE AND
HIS FRIENDS."**

BY JOHN W. WHITE.



MOUNT VERNON, OHIO:

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Dramatis Personæ.

GEORGE SEYMOUR,
GERALD ROCHEFORT,
TOM CROSBIE,
MR. FRANKS,
DENNY CONNER,
SERVANT.

MRS. ROCHEFORT,
EMMA AUBYN,
JESSIE FRANKS,
LIZZY ROSS,
MISS BURKE,
BIDDY.

SCENE—DUBLIN.



GEORGE SEYMOUR.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

PARLOR.—[George Seymour discovered walking the room.]

Enter Mrs. Rochefort.

Seymour.—It is long since we met; at least, since we met *alone*. You are greatly altered. (*Mrs. R. seats herself, and buries her face in her hands.*) (*Aside.*)—Years bring wond'rous changes: I remember when that wrinkled forehead was smooth as polished marble, and that drooping eye, lit up with the fire of pride and beauty; yet it is not age which has marked the features, but the workings of the heart—the heart itself cannot be seen, but it writes its history in the face. *Her* heart was always false—mine to-day, his to-morrow. Yet I loved her once—loved her to be despised and scorned: but I have been revenged, and *will* be, until revenge itself can go no farther. (*Seymour pauses, and looks intently at Mrs. R.*) Where is your son?

Mrs. Rochefort.—He left us last night, as I dare say you are aware, or I should have been spared this visit.

Seymour.—(*Smiling.*)—You are right: I *am* aware that he left you last night—but *where* has he gone?

Mrs. R.—To London.

Seymour.—London! What has taken him *there*?

Mrs. R.—He is gone—he is gone to seek employment, as a means of raising himself from the beggary which *your* machinations have brought upon him.

Seymour.—(*Smiling bitterly.*)—You seem to forget, Madam, that the beggary of which you speak, is owing more to *your* conduct than to mine. I have been told your son was left an independent property by his father—where is it now? No machinations—as you are pleased to call them—of mine, have deprived him of that, and yet it seems he has it not.

Mrs. R.—(*After a pause.*)—What is the object of your coming now? Why are you here?

Seymour.—You shall know. On the morning of that night when last you saw me, your son saved a lady's life—he has since been paying his addresses to her, I am told. Is such the fact?

Mrs. R.—I cannot tell; it may be so.

Seymour.—You know full well it *is* so; and moreover, you know that your heart is set upon the match—the lady is rich, and her wealth would be well applied in patching up your broken fortunes. I will prevent that marriage, and through *your* means.—Your son shall have to thank his mother for the destruction of his happiness.

Mrs. R.—(*Faintly.*)—What mean you? When will this persecution cease?

Seymour.—(*Sternly.*)—When I cease to live!

Mrs. R.—May God forgive you, George! But if I must still suffer from your unrelenting cruelty, why should your vengeance pursue my unoffending child—he has never given you any cause——

Seymour—(*Fiercely.*)—He is *your son* ! and therefore I am his enemy !

Mrs. R.—(*Bursting into tears.*)—My God ! my God ! What have I done to deserve all this ? (*Raising her hands in supplication to Seymour*)—Have mercy, George ! You say you once loved me, and by the memory of that love, I conjure you now to spare my boy. You broke his father's heart, and I will soon be with him in the grave, for mine also you have broken ; but extend not your vengeance to my boy—he has deserved it not—why should your hate descend on him ?

Seymour.—Listen to me, Kate Rochefort ! You have reminded me of the love I bore you once :—I did love you, deeply, madly—and what was the return ? Contempt and scorn ! I tell you, woman, that if the dead were to rise from their graves this moment, and kneel before me, they could not effect the change of a hair's breadth in the purpose of my revenge. It is in vain ! By Him who made me ! happiness shall never be the lot of you or yours, so long as I have the power to prevent it !—(*Paces the room hurriedly.*)

Mrs. R.—(*Rising.*)—Now listen to me, George Seymour. For years—for many bitter years, you have made my life a curse—it was a happy life until you came, like a spirit of evil, to blast its joy, and destroy its peace forever. Even honor you would have robbed me of, but that I saw my infatuation in time to escape the danger. Still, I could not root you entirely from my heart—first impressions were there, and it is hard to blot them out. I forgave you *all* until I discovered your dark treachery to my husband. Now mark me ! You say I changed *your* love to hate ; the fiercest hate that ever burned in your heart, was nothing compared with the deadly loathing and abhorrence felt towards you from that moment, and afterwards

for years. But time softened it. Had I never seen you again, I would have forgiven you. You came again, though—came as you ever did, with evil tidings; you brought me a tale of my son's having quit the army in disgrace—that was false, and you knew it, but no matter; for the time it helped you in your revenge. He returned shortly after, and for many months I saw you no more. But at last we met again. You came with expressions of penitence and sorrow: you told me you were about to leave the country, and, as a proof of your contrition, you offered to free me of my embarrassments, by refunding a portion of the wealth of which you had deprived me. I had faith in what you told me then, and, believing your professions were sincere, I confided to you the history of my ward, and that, in order to screen some of my follies and mad extravagance from my son, I had spent the fortune bequeathed her by her mother. No sooner had I told you this, than you threw off the mask, and swore that, unless I yielded to the proposal which years before you had made me, the secret I had thus confided to you should be made public. But God gave me strength, and I defied you. You left me then, swearing that before the lapse of another day, my disgrace should be published to the world. From that hour I lived in a state of apprehension and fear, that almost deprived me of my reason. If Gerald was only absent for an hour, I watched his return with the most intense anxiety of fear—ever dreading that when he *did* return, it would be to curse his mother for having brought disgrace upon his head: no felon ever looked upon his judge with greater dread, than did I upon *my own child*! But months went over without the execution of your threat;—gradually my terrible alarm wore away, and a strong hope sprang up that you had re-

lented, and had, in reality, left the country; *that* hope was crushed when I encountered you on the street on the night of Gerald's accident, and, from that moment, the tortures of my mind have been as great as ever. I have long expected this time to come—that moment has now arrived, and I am in your power. Use it. Do your worst at once, but let the blow fall on *me* alone, for I alone deserve it. You shall never make me an agent in your plots against the happiness of my child; he has enough to curse me for already.—May God forgive me!

Seymour.—It is well, Madam; because, up to this time, I have spared you, you think you may, with safety, defy me now; but you are mistaken. You say truly, that your son has already sufficient cause to curse you, but he shall have more. You declare that you will be no agent in frustrating his happiness! So far, you have declared the truth—I will be the *agent*—you the *principal*. Think you, that Mr. Franks would give his daughter to the son of one who has robbed the orphan committed to her charge? and so sure as I stand here before you, so surely will I proclaim to him the fact!

Mrs. R.—You could not be such a villain!—You cannot mean to poison my own child against me, and make him hate me. Some remnant of human feeling must still be in your nature.

Seymour.—Human feeling!—What care I for the cant term of the world. My nature itself is changed—I have no feeling now but one, and that one is hatred of you and yours. I would pause at nothing now, that could be the means of bringing down upon your head the misery, the tortures of mind and heart, which you have brought on me. Therefore, expect no mercy at my hands, for none shall you receive.

Mrs. R.—God pity me! God pity me, and spare me my reason; for a little, a very little more, will destroy it. Leave me, George Seymour,—(*wildy*,)—if you would not see me a maniac or a suicide! Go! in mercy go! my mind is weakened, and madness is coming upon me. Oh! may heaven forgive you for all this!—(*Bursting into tears.*)

Seymour.—Tears are ever ready with woman, and sometimes prove effective; but with me, you will find them unavailing. There is still one condition upon which you can insure my silence in this matter relating to your ward.

Mrs. R.—(*Eagerly.*)—Name it!

Seymour.—It is simply this, that you will consent to tell Miss Aubyn that, at her mother's death, she was bequeathed to *my* care, as well as yours—that I was absent in another country at the time, and that I am now returned to claim my guardianship.

Mrs. R.—It is enough that I have already betrayed my trust—I will do so no farther.

Seymour.—But if I tell you that your consent to this proposal, will be a service to the girl, instead of an injury——

Mrs. R.—I will not believe it! In what way *could* it be a service?

Seymour.—No matter! I tell you it *will* be, and you must either trust me, or abide the consequences.

Mrs. R.—Then I will abide them.

Seymour.—That is your resolution?

Mrs. R.—It is.

Seymour.—Then hear me.—Before I leave this house, she shall know how faithfully her guardian has fulfilled her duty. When I have taught *her* to despise you, I will then to Mr. Franks and enlighten him as to the family affairs of his intended son-in-law. Your son himself shall be the next——

Mrs. R.—Stay! no more, or you will drive me mad. I cannot bear this—it is in vain to struggle.

Seymour.—Then yield at once!—consent to my proposal, and I will be silent.

Mrs. R.—How can I depend on that? you have so often deceived me——

Seymour.—You *must* depend on it, or——

Mrs. R.—No more! I will consent, and if Emma is the sufferer, may God forgive me!

Seymour.—Your anxiety for her welfare is doubtless very great, but you need not be alarmed; I dare say she will find my guardianship at least as beneficial as yours has been. All I require from you at present is, that in case she should question you on the subject, you tell her that I am her guardian, but that peculiar circumstances prevented you from giving her such information before. You understand me—you are never to mention the subject to her unless she questions you.

Mrs. R.—And if she *never* questions me?

Seymour.—Then be silent.

Mrs. R.—One word more—upon this condition you promise me that my secret shall be safe?

Seymour.—I have said so.

Mrs. R.—And you will not endeavor to prevent my son's marriage with Miss Franks?

Seymour.—I have not promised *that*! but if the marriage *should* be broken off, it must be the act of your son himself—will that content you?

Mrs. R.—It must, for I have no alternative.

Seymour.—Then remember our compact—if Miss Aubyn should, at any time, ask you if it be true that I am her guardian, you tell her, without hesitation, that such is the fact. Break through the condition, and you know the result.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

TOM CROSBIE'S ROOM.—[Tom discovered in the act of Shaving
—Coat and Vest hanging on a Chair.]

Tom.—(*Soliloquy.*)—Money *must* be had, that's poz! I'm regularly done up, and the only "blunt" in my possession is the edge of this confounded razor. Now, a man without money has no more business in society than—than what?—than a woman under the same circumstances, and a woman without money is—more than my beard is, with this d——d razor—likely to be cut. Therefore, money must be had—where, I don't know—how, I don't care—but it *must* come! Can't take it from Dismal—he's a friend; a man should never borrow from a friend. Must turn school-boy again, and endeavor to fly a "kite"—that's the only plan I see. Let me think now. Whose name would look well upon a bit of stiff for fifty? Goodman's? Oh, yes, indeed, don't I wish I might get it? Brown's? Brown wouldnt accept a bill for his father. Morris? Oh, yes! there's Morris—he'd do it in a minute; but, poor fellow! he's often hard up enough himself, and I wouldn't like to ask him. Stop, though, I don't see why I shouldn't ask Dismal—the thing is not like borrowing money—it won't cost him a farthing, and I'll pay it when it's due. By Jove! that 'll do; I'll give Mrs. Taylor her money, cut the concern, take quiet lodgings, go to church every Sunday, look out for a rich widow—no, hang it, I'll never marry: that Lizzy Ross is enough to make a man pitch the sex to the devil; her conduct last night was shameful, scandalous, disgraceful! I'll never speak to her again as long as I live; I hate her, I detest her! (*Music and*

singing heard.) Hush! that's her voice singing.—*(Runs to the door and calls out.)*—I'll be down in five minutes, Lizzy, to take a second in that duet.—*(Goes back to dressing table.)* I just said that to vex her—I hav'n't a notion of going down—where the devil is that suspender? I wouldn't go if she came up and asked me. Confound this waistcoat! I put my arm through the wrong hole. I never saw a girl I dislike as much as that!—there she goes again.—*(Opens the door and cries out.)*—Ah! can't you wait till I come down, Lizzy?—I'll not be a half dozen seconds.—*(Goes to the glass and brushes his whiskers.)* I never looked so frightful in my life. I'm not fit to be seen—I made myself look so purposely, to vex that girl! I'll just walk into the drawing room in this kind of a way—*(folds his arms and knits his brows into a stern frown.)*—and I won't open my lips—not as much as to say good morning—I'm the very fellow that *can* do that sort of thing, when I take it into my head—I'll be as stiff as a Lord Chancellor. If she speaks to me I'll just say in this kind of tone, you know, hem! a—"Miss Ross, I have the honor to wish you—a—a—hem—joy of—of your conquest last night—Madam!" That'll surprise her a bit, I suspect; but here's some one coming up stairs—a message from her I'll engage. D——n this coat, it wrinkles most confoundedly about the waist.—*(Knocking heard.)*—Ah! there's the knock at the door—now for it—hem!—Who's there?

Biddy.—*(Outside.)*—It's me, sir—Biddy, sir.

Enter Biddy.

Tom.—Oh! you may just say I'm engaged at present.—I have something else to think of besides singing, just now.

Biddy.—It's not about singing, your wanting.

Tom.—Never mind—can't attend to any woman's nonsense at present.

Biddy.—It's not a woman, sir; it's a boy that's wanting you.

Tom.—A boy! why the devil didn't you say so?—Who is he?

Biddy.—I don't know, sir; he's a poor looking cray-ture, but he's very civil spoken.

Tom.—Did he kiss you?

Biddy.—Eh, then, isn't it a shame for you, Mither Crosbie, to be always gettin' on in that fashion.—(*Wiping her lips on her apron.*) I never see the likes of you!

Tom.—Well, go down and tell him, whoever he is, that I'll see him in a few minutes. [*Exit Biddy.*]

(*Tom returns to the glass, gives his whiskers another touch, and then retires.*)

SCENE III.

DRAWING ROOM.—[*Lizzy Ross discovered seated at the Piano, with her back to the door.*]

Enter Tom Crosbie.

Lizzy.—(*Taking no notice of Tom, sings:*)

The flower that I loved is withered,
Its leaves and its fragrance shed,
The destroyer has breathed upon it—

Mary is dead!

In my ear her loved voice never
Shall breathe in its silver tone,
Its music is hushed forever,
The light of my heart is gone.

Like the spring time's changing beauties,
As bright, and as quickly fled,
Were my dreams for the hidden future—

Mary is dead !

My fair-haired bride has left me
Deserted and alone,
Death hath of hope bereft me,
The light of my heart is gone.

Yet she smiles through the troubled dreamings
That come to my widow'd bed,
And I weep, for it soothes my sorrow—

Mary is dead.

I weep when the morning wakes me,
With the light of the golden sun,
For mine is a life of darkness,
The light of my heart is gone.

(During the singing, Tom listens attentively, forgetting his frown and his folded arms.—At the close he stalks across the room like a Bashaw, and flings himself full length upon the sofa, and commences playing with his thumbs.)

Lizzy.—(Carelessly.)—Oh, are you there?—(Tom looks wicked.) You seem in a cheerful humour.—(Tom bites his lip.) Don't eat it all I beg of you; pray leave a little bit.—(Tom turns his face to the wall.)—Pleasant creature.—(Tom kicks his boot against the sofa.) Do that again, it's so sensible.—(Tom does it again.) Another little kick.—(Tom lets his foot fall to the floor.) Wouldn't you like to kick it a little more?—(Tom lets his other foot fall.) Perhaps you'd wish for your night-cap?—(Tom turns round upon the sofa.) Shall I sing you a lullaby?—(Seriously.)

Tom.—(Aside.)—Can't stand it much longer.

Lizzy.—Shall I?

Tom.—No!—(In a loud voice.) Go, sing one for your

new conquest;—he likes that sort of thing, perhaps—I don't!

Lizzy.—Oh! you have found your voice, have you?—*(Laughing.)*

Tom.—Yes, Madam, I *have* found my voice, and let me make use of it to tell you, Madam, that it will be some time before you shall hear it again.

Lizzy.—Another silent fit?

Tom.—You better not laugh at me, Madam.—*(Rising from the sofa, and folds his arms as he intended.)* I'm not a—a—hem—not to be trifled with, I can tell you!

Lizzy.—You would'nt murder me?—*(With mock terror, shrinking back from him.)*

Tom.—No, Madam, but I *might* murder somebody else—*somebody else*, Madam; perhaps I may make myself understood.—*(Marches across the room.)*

Lizzy.—Oh! don't come near me; I'm afraid you'll bite me!

Tom.—Good morning, Madam!—*(Moves toward the door, bowing with dignity.)* I'm going, Madam! I have the honor to wish you good morning!

Lizzy.—Good morning!—*(With a deep courtesy, and with a grave countenance.)* Pray, don't kill yourself or any body else until I see you again!

Tom.—Oh! you be ————*(Rushes out.)*

Lizzy.—Tom!

Tom.—*(Coming back.)*—Did you speak, Madam?

Lizzy.—You would'nt shake hands with me?—*(Coaxingly.)*

Tom.—No! certainly not!

Lizzy.—You would'nt?

Tom.—I'd die first.—*(Puts his hands behind his back.)*

Lizzy.—I would'nt let you kiss me!

Tom.—Perhaps, if Mr. Rochefort was here, you might let him!

Lizzy.—I would'n't let you, at all events.—(*Drawing nearer to him.*)

Tom.—Oh! you know I never kissed you!

Lizzy.—You never shall again!

Tom.—Shan't I?

Lizzy.—No—never!

Tom.—I would if I liked!

Lizzy.—I defy you—I'd scream if you did.

Tom.—You would?

Lizzy.—Yes---certainly.

Tom.—Scream now, then!---(*Catches her round the waist, and kisses her.*)---There!

Miss Burke.—(*At the door.*)---That's very nice conduct, upon my word.---(*Walks majestically into the room.*)

Lizzy.—My Aunt.

[*Exit.*

Tom.---Miss Burke! by all that's unlucky! I'm off
---good morning, ladies.---(*Makes for the door.*)

Miss Burke.---Stop, sir!

Tom.---Another time, my dear Madam, I shall be most happy---at present, particular business---

Miss Burke.---I desire you to remain!

Tom.---Can't 'pon my honor!---going to a friend's death-bed---last gasp---mind wondering, and all that sort of thing. Can't stop a moment---good morning.
---(*Rushes out.*)

Miss Burke.---And you, Miss Ross, what have you to say about such scandalous conduct?---(*Turning, discovers herself alone.*)

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

DRAWING ROOM.—[George Seymour discovered sitting, with his elbow resting on a Table. Two or three Chairs in the Room.]

Enter Emma Aubyn.

Seymour.—(*Rising and bowing respectfully.*)—I have to make many apologies, Miss Aubyn, for this unceremonious intrusion—for intrusion, I fear, you must consider it. If you will do me the favor to sit down and attend to me for a few minutes, I will endeavor to explain my reasons.—(*Places a chair for her near his own. Emma seats herself.*) But, before I begin, suffer me to assure you, you have no cause to fear the approach of any evil, such as, from the answer to my letter, you seem to apprehend.

Emma Aubyn.—You will excuse me, if I request, that I may at once be informed of the object of this visit.

Seymour.—Pardon me one moment; there are two or three questions I would first ask you, and though they may appear somewhat impertinent, believe me, I do not mean them to be so, as I am sure you will acknowledge, when matters have been explained. In the first place, then, what is your age?

Emma Aubyn.—(*Smiling.*)—Eighteen my next birthday.

Seymour.—And when will that be?

Emma Aubyn.—Oh! a long way off—the latter end of March.

Seymour.—(*Aside.*)—March, and this is the last week in July. (*Loud.*)—You were born in Paris, I believe?

(*Emma bows in the affirmative.*) Your mother died when you were very young. (*Emma weeps. After some moments silence.*)---I meant not this, believe me; I am deeply grieved that I should have awakened memories so painful. Can you forgive me?---(*Lays his hand with gentleness on hers.*)

Emma Aubyn.---(*In a broken voice.*)---I have nothing to forgive; you could not have intended to wound my feelings, nor could I have thought that, after so many years, the mere mention of my poor mother, and of my early home, could have betrayed me into such weakness but it is over now. I can listen calmly to anything you have to say---pray go on.

Seymour.---You are already aware that at your mother's death, you were brought over here from France, and placed under the guardianship of Mrs. Rochefort; but, I believe, you have never yet been informed that there was also another to whose care you were bequeathed. Circumstances have hitherto prevented that other from coming forward to perform his share of duty toward you. In fact, until very lately, he has been absent in a distant land. On his return to this country, he sought out Mrs. Rochefort. He hoped to have found that the care of one guardian had been sufficient, and that you had suffered nothing by *his* unavoidable neglect; but he was deceived; instead of that, he discovered that all your interests, present, and future, had been sacrificed by her whose duty it should have been to fulfill toward you the part of a second mother.

Emma Aubyn.---It is false! grossly false, whoever says it. She *has* been a second mother to me; if she had not, what would have become of me, when I was thrown on the world homeless and penniless?

Seymour.---You have been deceived. You were *not*

left penniless. There was a sum placed in Mrs. Rochefort's hands for your use, the interest of which was to be devoted to your education, and the principal to become yours when you should reach the age of eighteen.

Emma Aubyn.---Impossible! If it were really as you say, Mrs. Rochefort would not have kept me in the dark so long. You *must* be misinformed.

Seymour.---That is not likely, as I think you will allow, when I tell you Mrs. Rochefort herself is my informant. I am her fellow guardian, and she confessed to me that the money---a thousand pounds---which was placed in her hands, has been long since squandered.

Emma Aubyn.---I will not believe it; until I hear it from her own lips I will not believe it. What object could she have in concealing from me the fact that I had another guardian? or, if money had really been placed in her hands for my use, why not have told me, when she knew that it would have been my greatest pride to offer it for her service? I *cannot* believe it! I will go to her this instant.---(*Attempts to rise*---*Seymour detains her.*)

Seymour.---Stay! If you would not bring instant ruin on her head, you will keep this interview a secret---at least for the present.

Emma Aubyn.---Why is all this mystery? Why not question Mrs. Rochefort on this subject? Or why not, before now, come forward openly, and declare yourself my guardian? I cannot understand it!

Seymour.---Believe me, I had strong reasons for acting as I have done. There are circumstances which render it absolutely necessary that Mrs. Rochefort's son should remain for a time in ignorance of my return to this country, and therefore I have taken advantage of his absence to ask this interview. Besides, I was

not aware, until within a day or two, how your guardian had betrayed her trust. You know not all I have discovered---you could never dream of the wrongs that have been done you.

Emma Aubyn.---One question.---If all you have told me be indeed true, is it with Gerald's knowledge?

Seymour.---I believe he knows no more than yourself, that any fortune had been left you; there are many secrets besides this, which his mother has not thought necessary to confide to him. I am told, that this young man is paying his addresses to a wealthy heiress---do you know her?

Emma Aubyn.---If you allude to Miss Franks, I have seen her, but I do not know her intimately, nor have I heard anything of the kind which you speak of; but if it would be for Gerald's advantage, I hope---I hope it is true.---(*Turns aside to hide her tears.*)

Seymour.---(*Coolly.*)---It is not likely to be of much advantage, inasmuch as no marriage will ever take place between them.

Emma Aubyn.---(*Quickly.*)---What! how know you that?

Seymour.---Because, *I* have it in my power to prevent it, and I *will* prevent it.

Emma Aubyn.---(*Aside.*)---Oh! if I could be sure of that, how happy it would make me.

Seymour.---And now, Miss Aubyn, I have no objection to you mentioning to Mrs. Rochefort this interview, provided you make known the nature of it no farther than inquiring of her, whether it was true that you had a second guardian; but under no circumstances, must she suppose you are acquainted with the fact of any money having been bequeathed you.

Emma Aubyn.---If Mrs. Rochefort acknowledges that you have stated the truth, then I promise to be guided in future by your advice.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

MR. FRANKS' ROOM.—[Mr. Franks discovered walking the room hurriedly.]

Mr. Franks---(*Soliloquy*).---Confound that fellow, Gerald Rochefort! At dinner I invited him to my room, and here I have been an hour awaiting his appearance. Confound him, I say. If he did save my daughter's life, I can't stand every thing, and I won't. Why can't he come forward boldly and say---"Mr. Franks, I love your daughter---will you give her to me?"---That would be behaving like a man; but, instead, here he comes sneaking day after day, and then sneaking off again. I have no patience with such a fellow! Why, when I was a young man---but times have altered since then!---when I was a young man like him, damme! I'd have popped the question in five minutes; and if the answer was "No"---phsha! what am I thinking of! He knows as well as I do, that it would be no such thing. If he does n't propose for her before ten days are over his head, hang me if I don't hunt him like a redshank, about his business. There's an end on it! They are together now---such a turning up of eyes, and squeezing out of sighs, and every d---d nonsense of the kind! Whenever two young people are in a room together, and no sounds audible beyond the door, there's sure to be mischief in the wind! For two pins I'd steal a march, and find out what they're at; if it's not mischief, there's no harm done; if it is, I'll open their eyes a bit. But "listeners never hear good of themselves," they say---no matter! Hang me if I don't do it! I know there's villany going on---and I'll see if I can't make it out. I'll astonish them!

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

DRAWING ROOM.—[Jessie Franks and Gerald Rochefort discovered seated on a Sofa—the hand of the maiden reposing quietly in that of her lover. Mr. Franks discovered behind one of the wings watching them.]

Gerald.—Jessie—Jessie, I am very unhappy.

Mr. Franks.—Humph!—humph; what does he mean by that?

Jessie.—(Softly.)—Why should you be unhappy?

Mr. Franks.—Because he's an ass!—that's why!

Gerald.—Ever since the first hour I saw you, I have been dreaming——

Mr. Franks.—Almost time for you to wake up then.

Gerald.—And now, I feel that when that dream is ended, life will have no farther happiness for me.

Jessie.—But why should you have such fears?—dreams have often been realized, you know.

Gerald.—Mine can scarcely be—it was too bright.

Mr. Franks.—Too fiddlestick!—confounded stuff!—Can't the fellow put his arm around her neck, like a man, and give her a smack at once, instead of all this nonsense?

Gerald.—Too bright—far too bright.

Mr. Franks.—If he says that again, hang me if I don't rush in and kick him!

Jessie.—Are you dreaming now? or do you want to put me to sleep with that doleful voice and look?

Gerald.—Your father——

Mr. Franks.—Ha! now we are going to have it! I thought there was mischief in the wind!

Gerald.—Your father told me after dinner to-day, that he wished to speak to me in private.

Jessie.—(Anxiously.)—Well?

Gerald.—I was afraid to remain, for I anticipated the nature of his speech—it would have been to tell me to come here no more.

Jessie.—You *must* be dreaming!—how could you think of such a thing?

Gerald.—I *feel* it;—and he is right; he cannot but have seen my love for you; and (*bitterly*,) he knows I am a beggar!

Mr. Franks.—I am longing to be at him!

Jessie.—Gerald—(*withdrawing her hand*,)—you do my father an injustice. If such a motive could have governed him an instant—which is impossible, as you should by this time know, he would never have suffered our intercourse to continue. No earthly consideration could ever induce him to risk the happiness of his child. You do not know my father!

Mr. Franks.—My child! my own true-hearted child! (*Wiping his eyes*,)—God bless her!

Gerald.—Forgive me, *Jessie*.—(*Taking her hand and pressing it between both his own*,)—Forgive me, dearest; I meant not to offend you, but the fear that I should be separated from you now almost deprives me of reason. If you could only know the depth of my love, you would not blame me.

Mr. Franks.—Ah! that's something like!—the business will soon be settled now!

Jessie.—Is it *very* deep? I think it must be, it has taken so long to come to the surface.

Mr. Franks.—Good! let him put that in his pipe and smoke it!

Gerald.—(*Passing his arm round her waist, and draws her closer to his side*,)—You love me, *Jessie*?

Jessie.—Do I?

Gerald.—Such is my hope—is it a deceitful one?

Jessie.—Not quite so much so as hopes generally are.

Gerald.—You know my poverty.

Mr. Franks.—Damn his poverty!

Jessie.—Never allude to that again, if you would not wish seriously to wound my feelings. (*Smiling.*) You know riches are so unromantic!

Mr. Franks.—Damn romance! We'll have "love in a cottage" now—flowers and bowers, eyes and sighs, hearts and darts, and all that sort of thing—pah!

Gerald.—They may be unromantic, Jessie, but they are very necessary, nevertheless, and notwithstanding all your father's kindness to me, I cannot hope that he would give his consent to our union.

Mr. Franks.—For a sixpence, I'd walk in and order the fellow to march—how dare the fellow have such an opinion of me?

Jessie.—Gerald, dear Gerald,—shall I confess it? I have long wished for this hour to come. I could not be blind to your love, for my own heart taught me to read yours; I knew your feelings, for I knew my own; but I longed to hear you speak them, for then, dear Gerald, I could tell you how they were returned.

Gerald.—(*Kissing her.*)—My own Jessie!

Mr. Franks.—All right! I may soon walk in!

Jessie.—(*Gerald kisses her again.*)—There! that will do—let me finish what I have to say, before you smother me, entirely. Gerald, I know my dear father's nature, and you have but to tell him of—of our attachment, to insure his consent, and his blessing.

Mr. Franks.—The little villian!—(*in an ecstasy of delight,*)—the cunning little villain! how did she guess it!—(*Wiping his eyes.*)

Gerald.—(*Embracing her.*)—Now am I happy indeed; but, dearest, may you not be mistaken?—may not you reckon too fondly on your father's yielding his consent?

Mr. Franks.—I'll make him smart for this!

Jessie.—No, Gerald, I am not mistaken; my father loves you as well—*almost* as well as—as well as I do.

Gerald.—My own darling girl!—(*Drawing her to his heart, and pressing his lips to hers.*)

Mr. Franks.—Come! this won't *do*! Hang me if I stand any more of this! he'll eat her before he stops! (*Walks into the room.*)

Gerald.—{ *Mr. Franks!* }
Jessie.—{ *My father!* } (*Both rise.*)

Mr. Franks.—Yes, sir—*Mr. Franks!* Yes, Madam—your father! You ought to be proud of yourselves! This is a remarkably nice sort of a duet I have interrupted—pray go on with it—oh, pray do!

Gerald.—(*Stammering.*)—Indeed, sir.

Mr. Franks.—Well, sir! what have you got to say? Are you ashamed of yourself? Do you feel afraid to look me in the face? Do you tremble when you hear my voice?—(*Gerald and Jessie smile.*)—What are you grinning at, Madam? How dare you smile? I wonder you don't sink into the earth with shame! Have you *no* idea of decency?

Jessie.—Come, papa, don't be cross.—(*Coaxingly, while she draws close to him and lays one hand on his shoulder.*)—You know you look so terrible when you are vexed!—(*Smiles.*)

Mr. Franks.—(*Stepping back.*)—Don't touch me!—Don't you come within twenty miles of me! How dare you love any one without asking your father's leave? How dare you *do* it, I say?

Jessie.—Please, sir—(*droppig a courtesy,*)—I couldn't help it!

Mr. Franks.—(*Turning to Gerald.*)—You couldn't help it either, sir, I suppose?

Gerald.—(*Timidly.*)—No, sir.

Mr. Franks.—And do you dare to tell me that you love my daughter?

Gerald.—(*Boldly.*)—I do, sir!

Mr. Franks.—And you would wed her without my consent?

Gerald.—I would not, sir: there you wrong me. I would never have urged her to disobedience of your wishes, and, therefore, deeply as I loved her, I have never spoke of it until now.

Mr. Franks.—Say no more! (*Turning to Jessie.*)—And you, Madam, would you have become his wife without my sanction?

Jessie.—No, father, no!—(*Throwing both arms round his neck.*)—You know I would not.

Mr. Franks.—And you love him?

Jessie.—(*Nestling her head closer to her father's bosom.*)—I do.

Mr. Franks.—Here—(*taking Gerald's hand,*)—here—take her—take my darling, my own beloved child. Cherish her, sir,—cherish her in your heart's core! for Heaven has given her to you for a blessing! If ever you neglect her—if ever one cold look should fall upon my child—I will curse——

Jessie.—Father! dear father!—(*Returning to him, and pressing her lips upon his forehead.*)—You must not have such thoughts—we will be so happy now!

Mr. Franks.—(*Slowly and tenderly laying his hands, one after the other, upon her shoulders, and thus holding her at arm's length before him, he gazes at her with affection—he clasps her to his bosom in a passionate embrace—holds her there an instant, and, then, suddenly releases her, places her hand in Gerald's, and raises his hands reverently over their heads.*)—May God's blessing, and mine, attend you both!

[END OF FIRST ACT.]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Room.—[Several Chairs—a Table, upon which is a small Iron Box—several Bundles of Papers—an Ink Stand, and a pair of Pistols.]

[GEORGE SEYMOUR, disguised as an Old Man—long locks of grey hair—huge unshorn beard, descending far down his breast—a long shapeless morning gown conceals his figure, which is considerably bent, seemingly with age—arms folded across his breast—discovered standing at the table.]

Enter Gerald Rochefort.—[His features partially concealed by a large Cloak.]

Seymour.—I have waited your coming.—(*Saluting him with a cold and distant bow.*)

Gerald.—(*Returning the salutation coldly, and speaking haughtily.*)—Ten o'clock was the time appointed—that hour has scarce passed—I think I have been punctual.

Seymour.—Yes, ten minutes make but little difference; and yet half, nay a *tenth* part of that time may suffice a man to do a deed which will hang like a bitter curse upon his future life—within that little space the wife may become a widow—the child an orphan—kingdoms change their rulers—riches their possessors—ay! or woman become false, and a *man* a murderer! Is it not so?

Gerald.—I would speak with you upon a different subject: I—I know not what you mean.

Seymour.—It matters not ; what may be your pleasure ?

Gerald.—You already know my errand.

Seymour.—Ay, I had forgotten ; you require money.

Gerald.—I do.

Seymour.—How much ?

Gerald.—A thousand pounds.

Seymour.—Humph ! it is a large sum ; who told you to apply to me ?

Gerald.—One who is himself your debtor ; he told me I should find you willing to advance the sum.

Seymour.—His name ?

Gerald.—Captain Robert Harley.

Seymour.—Oh ! and so because I have been fool enough to lend my money to him, he sends others to rob me of my gold.

Gerald.—Sir—(*haughtily*)—you forget your position. Think you your hoarded wealth gives you a right to insult those who are driven to seek your assistance ? I came not here to bandy useless words ; can I have the money ?

Seymour.—(*Smiling.*)—You are hasty, young gentleman ; you have not yet spoken of security—how am I to be repaid ?

Gerald.—(*After a few moments hesitation.*)—For the money, it may be long before I can return it, but the interest shall be punctually paid ; and as to security, I have little more than personal to offer.

Seymour.—Oh ! and pray may I ask you if you are really serious in seeking so large a loan, upon such terms as these ?

Gerald.—If I were not, sir, the application would scarcely have been made. As I conclude it has been made in vain, I shall trespass no further upon your time, and so——

Seymour.—Stay, stay, you are over hasty, Mr. Rochefort, and——

Gerald.—(*Starting.*)—Rochefort! how knew you my name? when I wrote to you about this money, I merely signed the note with an initial, and yet I now remember the answer the boy brought me yesterday, bore my name upon the cover; how is this, sir?

Seymour.—(*Smiling.*)—No matter, few are strangers to me. But the money! You have not the means of repaying the tenth part of the sum, and yet, upon one condition, you shall have it.

Gerald.—(*Anxiously.*)—What is the condition?—(*Seats himself.*)

Seymour.—You want this money for a purpose to which I am no stranger. Your mother is in debt——(*Gerald springs from his seat in astonishment.*)—You see, I am acquainted with more of your secrets than you gave me credit for.—(*Gerald sinks into his seat.*)—Do not interrupt me—your mother is in debt;—her reckless, dishonorable extravagance has caused it, and if, within a few days, one at least of her creditors be not satisfied, she will be disgraced forever; is not this the truth? (*After a few moments silence.*)—You do not answer,—you want this money to save your mother from disgrace—stay, you need not speak—I know that such is the fact; I know more, that, when you were in distress, she refused you the assistance which might have saved you from—but no matter; remain calm another moment; you want the money, and, as I have said before, upon one condition you shall have it.

Gerald.—Pray come at once to an explanation upon the subject!

Seymour.—You are going to be married!

Gerald.—Ha! it is utterly impossible you should know that! But what means, sir, have you——

Seymour.—Nay, nay, you need not be so much alarmed; greater secrets than this have sometimes come within my knowledge. Is the idea of marriage so very startling to you?

Gerald.—(*Rising.*)—The means, sir, by which matters of such importance to my family and myself, have come to your knowledge, I am utterly at a loss to conjecture. What interest my private affairs can possess for you, I cannot possibly imagine; but, as your object appears to be to question me upon subjects, which can in no way, concern you, instead of confining yourself to the business upon which I came, I must say, that you have presumed somewhat too far, and I shall, therefore, leave you at leisure to pursue your interesting researches into the history of the next person, whose folly, or misfortune, may drive him to seek your assistance.—(*Turns and walks towards the door.*)

Seymour.—(*Steps forward and lays his hand on Gerald's arm.*)—Young man, you should ere this have learned to curb the impetuosity of your temper. You came here to-night to seek a sum of money to save your mother from *disgrace*—hear me, I say, or if you *will* persist, then go, and let her *die* and *rot* within a prison!—(*Resumes his seat.*—*Gerald paces the room in agitation.* After a pause, *Seymour resumes.*)—It seems strange to you, Mr. Rochefort, that I should be aware of circumstances relative you, and your affairs, which you had deemed unknown to any but those persons immediately concerned. I am now, however, about to prove to you, that my knowledge of your affairs is not confined to the past, nor even to the present, but extends also to the future. You doubt it? Be it so, you shall have the proof—the marriage which you contemplate shall never take place!

Gerald.—By Heaven, old man! you are presuming

too much upon my patience. Whatever your motives may be, in prying into the private transactions of my life, I have before said, I cannot conjecture; but that you should endeavor to impose upon my belief, by pretending an insight into the future, exceeds anything you have already said, or done. I tell you, usurer, or whatever you are, that no earthly power shall prevent the marriage of which you speak, and I warn you to mention the subject no more.

Seymour.---Oh, as you please; then our conference is ended. You will, no doubt, find some other person fool enough to lend you a thousand pounds with the prospect of never being paid, and your mother will thus be saved from the threatened danger. I say, sir, our conference is ended. (*Passing from the room, is detained by Gerald.*) It is useless to prolong our interview, unless you keep your temper within bounds; he who seeks to borrow, should assume a milder tone.

Gerald.---You have said, that upon one condition I should have the sum I seek---I again ask what that condition is?

Seymour.---(*After a pause, and looking intently upon Gerald's face.*)---The condition is simply this---that from this day forward, you resign every claim to the hand of----- I need not speak the name; if you are content-----

Gerald.---Content!---Content, to yield all I love on earth---to give up every hope of happiness---to bring endless misery upon myself, and to break the heart that has confided in me. By Heaven! old man, such jests as this, are not to be calmly borne.

Seymour.---I jest not; I have told you the condition---it is for you to consider, whether or not, you will agree to it.

Gerald.---Never! never! not for the wealth of Eu-

rope—not if I was forced, like a common slave, to work for my daily bread, and that millions were offered me as the reward. I tell you, old man, if you are serious in this demand, there is some hidden villany that I cannot solve; but it shall be discovered, and, mark me, one like you could have no interest in breaking off this marriage—there must be some damned plot in the transaction; but, old and feeble as you are, if, by your means, I am robbed of my happiness, no power on earth——

Seymour.—Make no rash vows, young man; I tell you that upon no other condition shall you have the money, and I tell you more, that whether you yield to it or not, the marriage, on which you have set your heart, shall never take place! If you agree, the money shall be yours; if not, within a fortnight your mother will be in a prison—a *felon*—and circumstances will become known to the world which will disgrace both you and her forever. Now, sir, make up your mind.

Gerald.—Oh, God!—(*Pressing his hands upon his forehead.*)—See the misery which has been brought upon me in a few short hours—my hopes dashed to ruin, my happiness destroyed, my plighted faith broken, and all, all, through the cursed infatuation of my own——no matter, she is still my mother. Old man, or devil, whatever you are, if I can find no other means of procuring the sum I want, within a week, I will agree to your condition, though it rob me of my happiness forever.

Seymour.—I am content,—this night week then, at the same hour, I shall await you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

HALL.

Enter Denny Conner.—[Denny walks to the back of the Stage and leans against one of the wings.]

Enter Gerald Rochefort.—[Gerald passes across the Stage.]

Denny.—(*Coming forward.*)—Your sarvint, Masther Garald—it's a mighty nate little cabin we're in—a very pleasant place entirely, only the rats isn't over partic'lar in the regard o' food—a bite out of a body's nose, now——

Gerald.—(*Aside.*)—Ah! I am not alone. (*To Denny.*)—You here, and know me?

Denny.—Why, thin, be my faix, you may say that; 'tis here I am, sure enough, an' here I won't be longer than I can help it, you may depind, for I'd just as soon keep my nose on my face while I have it, an' its mighty likely if I'd stop a while longer, the rats 'ud lave me but a small share of it.

Gerald.—How long have you been here?

Denny.—About three minutes, sir, for you see, sir, I was takin' a doze beyant in the room there.

Gerald.—I mean, how long have you been in the house?

Denny.—May be an hour or two, more or less; I was out walkin' this evening——

Gerald.—Confound your stupidity! How long have you been living here?

Denny.—Musha then, Masther Garald, I'm not *livin'* here at all; it's *dyin'* I am, sir, *dyin'* be inches, bekase you see the rats——

Gerald.—D——n the rats!

Denny.—Oh! amin, sir, with all the veins of my heart. That's the very thing I say meself, every minnit in the day—bad loock may attind the same varmint! sorra bit of a nose——

Gerald.—I wish they'd take your tongue, too, as well as your nose, you stupid rascal—will you answer me—do you sleep here?

Denny.—Sleep?—*sleep* is it? Now I only ax yourself, Masther Garald, could *you* sleep with fifty couple of rats dancing counthry dances over you on the *bed*—I only *ax* you that?

Gerald.—(*Aside.*)—It's perfectly useless to expect an answer from this stupid scoundrel, and yet he seems to know something of me, and might, perhaps, being a servant of this old money lender, solve this riddle, if I could induce him to tell me what he does know.—(*Aloud.*)—See, my good fellow, whatever you name is

Denny.—Denny, sir, Denny Conner, that's the name that's on me.

Gerald.—Well, then, Denny Conner, as you call yourself, why do you remain here, if you dislike the place so much?

Denny.—For the best raison in life then, sir, bekase I have no where else to go, an' it's onloocky to throw out dirty wather until a body can get clane.

Gerald.—Are you willing to leave this place, if you could find a more comfortable one?

Denny.—Ou, wow! Is a duck willin' to swim, I wondher—I dunna would a dog ate mate! Be my sowl, when the rats ate a few more suppers off o' me its a light load my bones 'ud have to carry any how. Am I willin'? faix that's not so bad!

Gerald.—Do you know any one to give you a character?

Denny.—A carrackther is it? may be I haven't one in my pocket this present minnit—mockins I haven't—only wait a bit—whisht now.—(*Proceeds to overhaul his pocket—laying each article on the floor—soliloquising.*) That's a dudheen; its gettin' bittherer every day, an' no wondher for it, many a bitther thought wint through it wid the smoke. There's one, two, three, four—four buttons; thim's off my *livery*! There's the duplicate of Masther Tom's old wais'coat—fourpince, the divle a farthin' more they'd give. That's a bad sixpenny; it's like a raal frind, it'll stick to you through thick and thin, an' no fear of its ever being *changed*. A bit of tobakky; begorra, I'm richer nor I thought—tobakky is an Ingian weed that grows up in the mornin'—lie there beside the pipe for a minnit, I'll be talkin' to you bymby. Arrah, the curse of Crummel on you, for one paper, where the mischief are you at all, at all?—You'll be the last thing I'll come to, I'll go bail; more haste the worst speed, always—whisht, here it is at last—there's the least taste of grase on the outside of it, but look at it, Masther Rochefort—may be *that* isn't somethin' like a carrackther.—(*Handing it to him.*)

Gerald.—(*Taking it tenderly between his fingers, and opens it carefully.—Reads.*)—

“Be it known to all whom it may concern, that the bearer—if the same be Dennis Conner—is the greatest rascal from this to himself; and that I'll back him—giving the long odds—to do more mischief, tell more lies, and drink more whiskey in a day, than any other man, woman or child, at present extant. If any gentleman should feel inclined to take up my bet, just let him inquire at Mrs. Taylor's boarding house, in Denzille street, for one
TOM CROSBIE.”

(*Gerald laughs heartily.*)

Denny.—The divle, Masther Garald, an' 'ud you be makin' merry wid a poor boy's feelins'? An' isn't ye be afther jokin', Misther Rochefort, hinny?

Gerald.—No, Denny, I read it just as your friend Mr. Crosbie wrote. Not a word did I add or leave out. It is a pleasant character he gives you.

Denny.—(*His face assuming the most ludicrous expression, half anger, half disappointment.*)—The divle doubt you for that same thrick, Masther Tom Crosbie; sure if I wasn't a fool, I might aisy know that's the way you'd sarve me—if I was your mother 'twould be all the same—you'll have your bit of fun, no matther who pays the piper; but only wait! if I don't be even wid you for the same turn, it's a quare thing!

Gerald.—Well, Dennis, I'll see about this to-morrow; I know what sort of a gentleman Mr. Tom Crosbie is; the devil is not always as black as he's painted, and perhaps I can do something for you. I suppose your master up stairs, has been listening to every word.

Denny.—(*Aside.*)—Lis'nin'! indeed! He'd want long ears to hear us from where he is by this time, I'm thinkin'! (*Gerald walks to the door.*) Good night, Masther Garald—good night, sir—and when you come again, may be——

Gerald.—(*Sharply.*)—What do you know about my coming again?—have you been listening, too?

Denny.—Walls have ears, (*slyly,*) and so have I, Masther Garald—good night, sir. [*Exit.*]

Gerald.—That boy knows more than he pretends, but I'll discover it all before many hours. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

DRAWING ROOM.—[Emma Aubyn discovered reading.]

Enter George Seymour.

Emma Aubyn.—You have come now to fulfil your promise?

Seymour.—What promise?

Emma Aubyn.—That which you made when I last saw you—that, upon your return you would openly declare yourself my guardian, and end all this strange mystery? You have come to do this?

Seymour.—I have; the promise shall be kept; I will see Mrs. Rochefort at once—where is she?

Emma Aubyn.—In her own chamber. Shall I tell her you are here?

Seymour.—Presently; but first, I have a question or two to ask. Her son has never been told anything that has passed between us? has never been informed that you had a second guardian?

Emma Aubyn.—Never by me; and, I am sure, the subject has never since been alluded to by his mother.

Seymour.—So much the better. He must not hear that you have ever seen me before.

Emma Aubyn.—Could not he be told that I had, all through, been aware of the fact of having a second guardian?

Seymour.—To what end? How would this amend matters?

Emma Aubyn.—It would, at least, make his mother's conduct appear less unaccountable.

Seymour.—His mother, I tell you, has chosen her own line of action, and must abide by it.

Emma Aubyn.—But what objection can you have, that it should not be as I say? Why give cause for trouble and unhappiness, if it can be avoided?

Seymour.—It *cannot* be avoided! It must come, and the sooner the better.

Emma Aubyn.—What mean you?

Seymour.—This! Mrs. Rochefort has robbed you—she must be punished!

Emma Aubyn.—Punished? I do not understand you.

Seymour.—I say she has *robbed* you.—Should not crime be punished?

Emma Aubyn.—Still I do not understand you.

Seymour.—Listen. This is the first week in March; in three weeks more you will be eighteen. At that age, you were to have received a thousand pounds; it was placed in Mrs. Rochefort's hands for that purpose—she has spent it—it will not be forthcoming. It is my duty to see that justice is done towards you—she shall go to prison.

Emma Aubyn.—Prison! You cannot mean, that she, who has filled the place of a mother to me for so many years, should be sent to *prison* for having done that which I would freely have consented to, had she but confided in me. Why should you try to alarm me in this way?

Seymour.—I have no wish to alarm you. I have only told you what must occur.—I merely do my duty.

Emma Aubyn.—Your duty! Is it your duty to bring ruin on the head of one, but for whom I might have been thrown without a friend or home upon the world? What do you take me for? Do you think, even if she had wronged me to a thousand times the amount, that I would suffer her to be injured—to be accused, much less, punished for it?

Seymour.—You cannot prevent it: you will have nothing to do with it. It must be!

Emma Aubyn.—I tell you it must *not* be! What! let my benefactress, my second mother, be brought to shame and disgrace on my account? Never! Am I lost to all gratitude, think you, that I should yield such a return for years of care and kindness?

Seymour.—Once more, I tell you, you will have nothing to do with it. You have been shamefully defrauded, and it becomes my duty, as a guardian, to take care that you shall at least have justice!

Emma Aubyn.—Justice! Do you speak to me of justice such as this? In what way could it benefit me, should your threats be put into execution?—What service——

Seymour.—You shall hear. Mrs. Rochefort's son has the remnant of a small property left him by his father—his mother has already dissipated the greater portion of it, but, rather than see her in a prison, he will sacrifice what remains—and then the sum which you are entitled to may be recovered.

Emma Aubyn.—Merciful Heaven! this is horrible! What have you ever seen in my conduct, sir, that you should dare to propose to me such a plan as this?—Oh! I cannot believe that you are serious—it is cruel to tamper with me in this manner!

Seymour.—(*Aside.*)—Before I can bring her to my scheme, I must touch a chord that will vibrate more powerfully to her heart, than any feeling I have as yet awakened. (*To Emma.*)—Emma, you do not know how this woman has wronged you.

Emma Aubyn.—I do—have you not informed me?

Seymour.—I have not; nor would I now, but to prove to you that she deserves neither pity nor mercy at your hands.

Emma Aubyn.—She deserves both, and she shall find them. Had she not felt pity for me when I was brought to her desolate and friendless, what would have been my fate?

Seymour.—If you knew all, perhaps you might change your feelings.

Emma Aubyn.—I will never change them.

Seymour.—What if I should tell you that she has interfered with your happiness, in a way you never dreamed of?

Emma Aubyn.—My happiness! What happiness have I ever known?

Seymour.—But for her you *might* have known it.

Emma Aubyn.—I do not understand. What mean you?

Seymour.—(*Looking intently on her face.*)—You loved her son!

Emma Aubyn.—Sir!

Seymour.—You loved her son! (*Emma covers her face with her hands.*) You loved him, Emma, and even now, when his heart is given to another—when he is lost to you forever—you love him still. I will tell you now what you have never known before—your love was returned.

Emma Aubyn.—(*Quickly raising her head.*)—Who told you this?

Seymour.—He confided his secret to his mother.—Now, do you comprehend how she has wronged you?

Emma Aubyn.—No, no, I can comprehend nothing. I feel as though it were all a dream! Tell me—oh, tell me at once!

Seymour.—Gerald had been but a short time at home, after his return from abroad, when he began to feel toward you something more than brotherly affection—this feeling grew rapidly into passionate love—

Emma Aubyn.—Stay ! If this indeed be true—it it be possible—why did I never know it—or by what means has it been made known to you ?

Seymour.—You shall hear presently ; but let me finish. He was poor—he saw no prospect of ever possessing sufficient wealth to marry ; and honor prevented him from endeavoring to win your affections, when unhappiness alone would be the result. He determined to leave his home, lest the strength of his passion should overcome his resolution : with this intent he sought his mother, told her his determination, and confided to her the cause——

Emma Aubyn.—He did this ? His mother, then, knew it ?

Seymour.—She did. His determination to leave did not suit her—it would have lessened her means, already small. Neither did she like the idea of his marrying you, for her last hope was, and is, that he should obtain a wealthy bride, by means of whose riches, she hoped to be restored to the station she had lost. This hope was a thousand times dearer to her than either your happiness or that of her son. To accomplish this, her resolution was instantly taken. It was this—to make Gerald believe that you already loved another——

Emma Aubyn.—My God ! can this be true ?

Seymour.—It can, and is. No considerations have the slightest weight with her, where her personal interest is concerned.

Emma Aubyn.—But Gerald could not have believed this ?

Seymour.—He did believe it. His mother told her story too artfully, to let him feel a doubt on the subject.

Emma Aubyn.—What else did she tell him ?

Seymour.—This—that shortly before his return you had been betrothed to a young Collegian, who had been suddenly obliged to depart with his father, on a three years' tour to the Continent. Gerald's distress on hearing this was great; he thought it would be worse than dishonorable to continue his attentions, and from that moment he determined to conquer his passion, by every means in his power.

Emma Aubyn.—My God! my God! that I had known this before it was too late!

Seymour.—It may not be too late yet.

Emma Aubyn.—(*Eagerly.*)—How—not too late?

Seymour.—It is possible that it may not be; if you wish it, it shall be probable.

Emma Aubyn.—Probable! you would not trifle with me now? it would be cruel—very cruel!

Seymour.—Suppose this Miss Franks should never become his wife?

Emma Aubyn.—Ah! you spoke of this before.

Seymour.—I did—all depends on you.

Emma Aubyn.—On me! how?

Seymour.—You can assist me in breaking off this match.

Emma Aubyn.—(*Raising her head proudly.*)—I assist you! Do you think, sir, because I have been betrayed into this weakness before you, that I would be capable of descending to such an act as this? Do you think I would be guilty of such baseness as to secure my own happiness, by the destruction of another's? What have I done to deserve this insult?

Seymour.—(*Coldly.*)—Pardon me—I was mistaken. You led me to suppose that you still loved this young man. I find I have been in error.

Emma Aubyn.—It is because I do love him still, that I scorn such an act as you propose. If he ever had

any affection for me, it is past; he has given it to another—he loves *her* now—let them be happy—I—I—hope they may.—(*Holding down her head and weeping.*)

Seymour.—We will talk no more on this subject, since it gives you so much pain; and, believe me, I would not have mentioned it at all, if I had not thought it would have been for your good. I will see Mrs. Rochefort now.

Emma Aubyn.—Before I tell her you are here, let me ask you once more, if you are perfectly assured of the truth of all you have just told me?

Seymour.—I am perfectly.

Emma Aubyn.—It appears so impossible to me, that I find it very hard to believe—very hard. Pardon me, but by what means has it come to your knowledge?

Seymour.—Mrs. Rochefort, with her own lips, confessed it to me—and, even more than this, boasted of it.

Emma Aubyn.—God of Heaven! how cruelly I have been deceived! You have caused me much misery, sir—very much misery. It would have been far kinder to have left me in ignorance of all this. You have taught me almost to hate her whom I loved with a child's affection: but for you I would never have known how cruelly she has wronged me: I would still have had a mother. Now, I am alone—alone in the wide world: for, from this night—even though I should be driven to beg for my support—this shall no longer be my home.

Seymour.—Let my home be yours, Emma—as your guardian, I pray you accept my offer. All I have told you, I meant in kindness, and in the hope of securing your future happiness. If I have erred, forgive me—say you forgive me, Emma, my daughter? Will you

be my daughter? I am rich; my wealth shall be yours—I am childless; all my heart's love shall be centered in you—I am alone in the world; we will be companions to each other: you will be my daughter?

Emma Aubyn.—I do, I do forgive you. You have done it for the best. If a daughter's duty and affection—if the devotion of my future life—can prove my gratitude, they shall be yours.

Seymour.—Let this kiss seal our covenant. Henceforth we are father and child. And now to business. You will leave this house with me to-night?

Emma Aubyn.—No—not to-night—not to-night.—I wish before I go, to—to—see—Gerald.

Seymour.—It must not be, Emma. Give over this wish, my child, and I promise that you shall meet again before many days.

Emma Aubyn.—But when he discovers that I am gone, what can he think?

Seymour.—He shall know the truth: to his mother shall be left the task of informing him.

Emma Aubyn.—What? Of every thing?

Seymour.—Of every thing. Unless, as quite possible, she should invent another story to deceive him.—I will, however, take care that he shall know the facts. As soon as we reach home, you may write to him, and also, his mother, explaining to them the circumstances under which you acted, and which caused you to seek another home,

Emma Aubyn.—Then I will go with you, and if I am acting ungratefully, may God forgive me!

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE IV.

HALL.

Enter George Seymour.—[Disguised in a large Cloak—his face almost entirely concealed by a large fur collar—his Hat pressed down over his forehead.]

Seymour.—Boy !—(*Calling.*)

Enter Denny Conner.

Denny.—Good mornin', sir; it's a pleasant mornin' for walkin', sir.

Seymour.—So much the better, for you are about to walk.

Denny.—I'm not sorry for that same.

Seymour.—Could not you contrive to hold your tongue for half a moment, while I give you your commands?—(*Sharply.*)

Denny.—I'll do my best.

Seymour.—Well, then, do you know where Mr. Franks lives?

Denny.—Be my sowl! if walkin' up and down the door two or three hours of an evenin' 'ud make me know it, I ought to be able to find the way by this time——

Seymour.—Silence, fool! and listen to me.

Denny.—Yes, sir.

Seymour.—(*Sternly.*)—You had better not interrupt me again.

Denny.—No, sir, I won't say another word.

Seymour.—Listen to me then.

Denny.—I'm lis'nin', sir.

Seymour.—Take this letter——

Denny.—Yes, sir.

Seymour.—Silence! I say.

Denny.—Mum's the word.

Seymour.—Take this letter, and go at once to Mr. Franks——

Denny.—I'll go this minnit, sir.

Seymour.—*Will* you hold your tongue?

Denny.—Am'n't I houldin' it?

Seymour.—See Mr. Franks himself, and give it into his own hand——

Denny.—But if he's out, sir?

Seymour.—Then wait until you see him——

Denny.—But if he sends down word that he *won't* see me?

Seymour.—Psha! no matter how you do it, give him the letter, and be sure you bring the answer safe——

Denny.—But if I get *no* answer?

Seymour.—Tell me what he says.

Denny.—An' if he says nothin'?

Seymour.—Confound the boy! Do as I desire you. Lose no time.—(*Handing the letter.*)

Denny.—I won't be while you'd be sayin' thrapstick!

Seymour.—Take care you keep that letter safe.

Denny.—I thought you bid me give it to Misther Franks?

Seymour.—So I did, you stupid scoundrel.

Denny.—An' now you bid me *keep* it.

Seymour.—Was there ever such a brute! Begone this instant!

Denny.—Are you goin' to stop here?

Seymour.—You'll find me here when you return.

[*Exit.*

Denny.—May be you think I'm not wide awake for you!—may be you think I don't know what you're

about! but I'll soon let you know what's what. I'm wide awake! I'm up to snuff! Walls have ears, and so have I! Ah! Dinny, me boy! I have it! There's that Tom Crosbie: he desaved me about my carrack-ther, the divle roast him! But he's a frind of Masther Garald, an' if any thing's wrong in this lettther, he'll help me find it out. Divle a word can I read, or I'd open it meself. The old haythen, he little thought he had two pair of ears lis'nin', when he threatened to put Masther Rochefort's mother in prison. Oh, the nayger! But walls have ears, and so have I! So here's to Masther Tom's. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

DRAWING ROOM.

Enter George Seymour.—[After walking the room hurriedly for a few moments, approaches the Table and rings the Bell.]

Enter Servant.

Seymour.—Tell your Mistress that Mr. Seymour is here, and wishes to see her instantly.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Mrs. Rochefort.

Mrs. R.—(Advancing towards Seymour.)—Villain! what is this you have done? What frightful crime do you contemplate, that you have forced this young girl from her home?

Seymour.—When you have quite done performing the part of a Pythoness, and think proper to use lan-

guage a little less violent, I may perhaps give the information you require.

Mrs. R.---Oh, God! grant me patience, for my trials are great! Man! I ask you what is this you have done? Why have you taken away this child?

Seymour.---As to what I have done, you can be at no loss to know; and as to having *taken* away your ward, I beg at once to undeceive you, by refering you to her letter, from which you will perceive that she has acted of her own free will.

Mrs. R.---Yes! her own free will! But what desperate villany has influenced her to exercise that will? What arts and falsehoods have you used to poison her mind against me?

Seymour.---None whatever, Madam. If you will be good enough to recollect yourself for a moment, I think you will allow that the simple truth would be quite sufficient. This I have told her, but nothing more.

Mrs. R.---I will not believe it! I cannot believe that the mere fact of my having-----

Seymour.---*Robbed* her!

Mrs. R.---Having appropriated her fortune, could make her take this step, without a word of notice or explanation.

Seymour.---Oh, every one may not think so lightly and forgivingly of the crime of robbery as Mrs. Rochefort.

Mrs. R.---(*Covering her face with her hands, and sinking into a chair.*)---God pity me, for this man has no mercy.

Seymour.---Mercy! what mercy have you deserved? Where was *your* mercy when you crushed the heart that loved you better than all things on earth, or in Heaven---when you drove to madness and desperation

one who, but for you, might have won from the world a proud and honorable name, instead of being plunged into a career of vice and villany---changing this world to a hell, that leaves no terrors for the next. Woman! you have changed me to a devil!---(*Dashes his hand against his forehead.*)---You ask me why I have taken away this girl. Listen, and you shall hear---to be an instrument of punishment for the wrong you have done to *her*; and to aid me in the fulfilment of that revenge which I have sworn against you and yours.

Mrs. R.---Aid you! how? *She* has never injured you. You would not destroy her?

Seymour.---*Her!* Not for a thousand worlds; I will cherish her while I live, and at my death she shall be mistress of all I possess on earth. When *you* are rotting in a jail, or begging from door to door, the orphan you have robbed, whom you would have left to starve, shall shine the proudest amongst those who have cast you off forever, and with whom in future your name shall be a bye-word and a scorn! If you can glean any comfort from this knowledge, you are welcome to it!

Mrs. R.---(*Rising calmly from her chair, and speaking in a clear distinct tone.*)---You are deceived---you are deceived in thinking that I will submit to this: the worm at last will turn upon the foot that crushes it. My course is now clear before me, and you shall find that I, too, can be determined; this night my son shall be informed of everything.

Seymour.---Such is my intention. For that purpose I am here-----

Mrs. R.---What! and you will dare to face him when he has learned all your villany?

Seymour.---I will dare more than that, Madam; for with my own lips I will tell him all that I have done;

and moreover, all that *you* have done! So you see you are not likely to gain any great advantage by your determination.

Mrs. R.—If he knew—if my boy knew one half of the misery you have caused his parents—one tithe of the insults you have offered to his mother—he would crush you to the earth, if you had a thousand lives! and he *shall* know it!

Seymour.—(*Aside.*)—This will be a losing game unless I play my cards more skillfully. It will not answer to meet Gerald, or have his mother see him, before I can recover my power over her. (*To Mrs. R.—seizing her arm.*)—Mark me! the time has now come when all scruples must be thrown aside—Heaven nor hell shall baulk me in what I have sworn to perform! Attend well now to what I am about to say, for it will be for your own advantage as well as mine, that you should act as I direct. You must tell your son the same story which I have already told Emma, and which you have confirmed, namely, that I am in reality her guardian. You can invent what excuses you please for never having informed him of such a fact until now, and that will end the matter.

Mrs. R.—(*Smiling scornfully.*)—You need say no more; I will rather bear every evil your malice can inflict, than be any longer at your mercy. Were I now to act as you desire, you would to-morrow break through all your promises as you have done before. Your power is over, tempter! I defy you!

Seymour.—Think again,—think again before you refuse. You had better.

Mrs. R.—I have thought already—my resolution is fixed—unchangeably fixed. Once more I tell you I defy you!

Seymour.—Then, by Heaven! you shall curse the

hour you did so! Had you yielded to my will, I might have spared you—for the sake of her who shall henceforth be my child, I might have spared you; but now, *now*, I will crush you, mind, and heart, and soul, as you have crushed me, without pity, and without remorse!

Mrs. R.—I no longer fear you, for I have resolved to atone for the past, by pursuing a right course for the future, and the consciousness of this good resolution gives me new strength to uphold me in my present trial. What more is there in your power than to tell my son that which I am myself resolved to tell him! and you will then be more in *his* power than either he or I in yours. What infatuation has been over me that I have not done this before!

Seymour.—Woman! you do not know what I am capable of doing, if you drive me to desperation!

Mrs. R.—You mistake; I know full well that you are capable of every villany that could enter the mind of man.

Seymour.—And, believing this, you still defy me?

Mrs. R.—Yes! a thousand times, yes!

Seymour.—Then mark me! I will do that which shall make you such an object of loathing to your child, that, rather than live the son of such a mother, he will lift his own hand against his life—that he will forfeit his soul in the next world, rather than endure in this the disgrace that your name will bring upon him—and go to his doom calling down curses on you with his dying breath!

Mrs. R.—Oh, God! what a fiend has this man become!

Seymour.—A fiend! yes, and who has made me one? But you little dream of what I will yet do to deserve the name! You think, perhaps, that my threats are idle?

Mrs. R.—I care not what they are. I despise them!

Seymour.—(*Aside.*)—There is still one desperate chance left me—let that fail and my power over her is ended. Her honor! all that she has left to cling to!—I will hazard the scheme! (*To Mrs. R.*)—Remember you have driven me to this; a few words might have saved you—might yet save you, if you consent

Mrs. R.—Never! I hold no faith with you in future—do your worst!

Seymour.—Listen, then!—(*Advances close to her.*)—Your son already knows the story of his father's ruin—he knows that I was the cause of it—that the entire of his property was mortgaged to me, and is still in my possession;—and, knowing this, what think you, will be his feelings, when he discovers that since that father's death, you have carried on an intercourse with me—that you have done so secretly—and that within the last few months, you joined with me in a plot to make your ward believe that I, as well as you, had been named her guardian—when he discovers all this, I say, what can he think? Must he not believe that you had some powerful motive for acting as you have done? and, once suspicion awakened, will it not be a task of but little difficulty to convince him that——(*Pausing.*)

Mrs. R.—What! For God's sake, what?

Seymour.—Can you not conjecture?

Mrs. R.—No, no! in mercy, speak at once! What would you convince him?

Seymour.—(*Stooping his head close to her ear and hissing fiercely.*)—That his father was dishonored!

Mrs. R.—(*Springing to the middle of the floor—she gazes at him for an instant with distended eyes—presses her hands upon her forehead—staggers to a table—but for*

the support of which she would fall to the floor.)—God of mercy! can such a villain be the work of *thy* hand? Can a man made in thy image, be given a mind to prompt him to such hellish thoughts?

Seymour.—I told you you little dreamed of what I was capable; remember you have driven me to it; the consequences be upon your own head! But, even still it is in your power to avert your ruin—consent to make to your son the explanation I desire, and I hold my peace.—(*Draws near her.*)

Mrs. R.—(*With a look of loathing motions him back.*) If you are human—if a remnant of manly feeling yet lingers in your nature—leave me! My brain is turning to fire—my heart is bursting—reason can bear no more!—(*With clasped hands and straining eyes, she stands before him.*)

Seymour.—Let there be an end to this acting; you should, by this time, have learned its fruitlessness, to change my purpose. Turn your thoughts to what may still save you—a few minutes more, and it will be too late, for, so sure as there is a Heaven above us, if your son returns while I am here, I will fulfill my threat! Consent to what I have demanded, and I leave you now—forever!

Mrs. R.—(*After a pause.*)—This is terrible!—horrible! Oh! my son! my noble boy! God keep him from the slightest suspicion of this foul attempt to poison his mind against his mother! Harm him not, sir! I accept your promise of leaving me for the rest of my life in peace, and I promise to do as you desire! (*Dropping on her knees and clasping her hands.*)—Oh, God! aid me in this terrible struggle!—(*Falls.*)

(*Seymour looks on with a smile of triumph.*)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

HALL.

Enter Denny Conner.

Denny.—Shure, he can't ate me, any how, an' if the worst comes to the worst, may be he might come off second best afther all! If he isn't the divle—Lord betune us an' harm—we'll tache him a thrifle before he's much older—we'll let him know what's what—yis, be me sowl, cakes an' ale we'll give him. I'm a fool; oh! yis, of coorse I am—I couldn't find out a sayeret at all—I couldn't listen through a kay hole—oh, no! is it me? I can do nothin'—not a ha'p'orth—it'll be a while afore I ate house beetles for my supper, for all that. Wondher where the ould divle is—he said he'd be here when I returned. Faix, when I got into the strate, a suddint pain tuk me right there—*(hits his knee,)* and I couldn't walk—oh, no! not a bit.—*(Dances.)* I got into a cart,—the cart got lost—an' the hoss died, an' the driver ran off an' got dhrunk, an' left me in the cart fast aslape! I'll look into the rooms an' see if he's here, anyhow! Who's afraid!—*(Opens the doors and looks into the different rooms opening into the Hall.)*—Be gorra, he's not here, any how,—got tired waitin' for me. I'm thinkin' I'll take a sate.—*(Seats himself near the front, R. H., facing audience.)*

Seymour.—*(Out side.)*—Boy!

Denny.—*(Looking round the Hall to ascertain whence the voice proceeded.)*—Why, then, where are you at all, sir?

Enter George Seymour.—[Behind Denny—Disguished in a large Cloak, his face hidden by the collar.]

Seymour.—Here!—(*Denny turning round, discovers him.*)

Denny.—(*Springing from his seat.*)—Lord save us! did you come out of the wall?

Seymour.—(*Sharply.*)—What has detained you?

Denny.—(*After a little hesitation.*)—He was out, sir.

Seymour.—Who was out?

Denny.—Why, Misther Franks, of coorse.

Seymour.—Then you did not see him?

Denny.—No, sir.

Seymour.—Give me the letter.—(*Denny looks confused.*)—Give me the letter, I say.

Denny.—The letther, sir?

Seymour.—Yes, give it to me.

Denny.—Do you want it back, sir?

Seymour.—Yes, I say—where is it?

Denny.—I thought I was to give it to Misther Franks?

Seymour.—You say you did not see him——

Denny.—But may be I might see him in the evenin'.

Seymour.—(*Harshly.*)—Cease this trifling, boy, and give me the letter.

Denny.—'Twould be hard for me.

Seymour.—What? Where is it?

Denny.—(*Boldly.*)—Lord knows!

Seymour.—(*Furiously.*)—What have you done with it?

Denny.—I have done nothin' with it.

Seymour.—Where is it then?

Denny.—(*Carelessly.*)—Lost!

Seymour.—(*Starting back.*)—Lost!

Denny.—Yis, lost! I hope nothin' partiklar was in it.

Seymour.—(*Sternly, and seizing Denny by the throat.*) Scoundrel! you have done something with that letter.

Denny.—(*Innocently.*—Oh, Lord!—is it me? What in the world 'ud I do with it?

Seymour.—Mark me, boy! if I find that you have been trifling with me, you shall pay dearly for it. Can you read?

Denny.—I wish I could.

Seymour.—Will you swear that you have not that letter still in your possession?

Denny.—(*Seizing the back of his chair.*)—Be this book!

Seymour.—Psha! follow me up stairs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

SEYMOUR'S ROOM.—[Furnished same as in Scene 1, Act 2, with the exception that the Table is clear.]

Enter George Seymour and Denny Conner.

[Seymour seats himself at the Table, and motions Denny to come nearer. Denny glances suspiciously around him.]

Seymour.—You have a mother?

Denny.—I have, sir; an' two brothers an' a little sisther.

Seymour.—I need not ask if they are poor?

Denny.—They are.—(*Feelingly.*)—God help 'em!

Seymour.—You shall have means to make them rich, if you serve me faithfully. Can I trust you?

Denny.—(*Evasively.*)—I'd do anythin' to earn an honest penny.

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Seymour.—Have you a father?

Denny.—(*In a low voice.*)—He's dead, sir,—the Lord have mercy on him!

Seymour.—And your family have no support but you?

Denny.—Barrin' the thrifle my mother airns for doin' a day's work here and there, an' that's but little.

Seymour.—She shall have plenty, if I can but trust you—can I do so?

Denny.—(*Evasively.*)—Did I ever do anythin' to make you doubt me since I came here?

Seymour.—Never, until to-day.

Denny.—An' why to-day, sir?

Seymour.—That letter.

Denny.—(*Innocently.*)—Sure I couldn't help losin' it.

Seymour.—Well, I will believe you; but if you should play me false, you shall suffer dearly. Answer me, yes, or no—may I trust you?

Denny.—(*Aside.*)—I must say yis, or how the divle will I find out his plans—yis, that's the only chance. (*To Seymour—boldly.*)—You may, sir.

Seymour.—Then listen. You know the gentleman who was here a few nights since—Mr. Rochefort?

Denny.—Yis, sir.

Seymour.—Well, attend now to what I am about to tell you. I overheard your conversation the other night, and it is probable he may take you as his servant. If he does, you will have an opportunity of providing me with a knowledge of his actions, which would be of great use to me. Are you willing to undertake this?

Denny.—Is it to be a spy?

Seymour.—Call it what you will, but it will be for his benefit as well as mine.

Denny.—(*Indignantly.*)—An' is that what you call bein' faithful?

Seymour.—You say I can trust you, and this is the service I require.

Denny.—(*Indignantly.*)—Why, thin, a dirty sarvice it is.

Seymour.—What?—(*Starting from his seat.*)—Have you been trifling with me?

Denny.—(*Recollecting himself.*)—Is it me, sir? Not meself, in troth; I was only thinkin' that may be some people wouldn't considher it a very dacent soort of employment; but I'll do it with a heart and a half—I'll watch him like a cat watchin' a mouse—there isn't a turn of his hand, from the time he gets up in the mornin' till he goes to bed at night, that I won't have my eye on.

Seymour.—So far so good; and now you must commence at once. But, stay! you have known him before?

Denny.—No more than the child unborn, barrin' to see him once or twice.

Seymour.—Well, then, you shall have another letter to Mr. Franks this evening. Mr. Rochefort will probably be there. If he is, watch him, and tell him you have been turned away from this place for speaking to him the other night—you understand me? He will be sure to take you into his service at once, for, even as it is, he is anxious to learn my secrets, and he thinks you can discover them. Tell him you have lived with me for some time—that I am a rich old miser—that I live here alone, never seeing a human being but those who come to look for money, and that your business was to watch the house during my absence, and run of messages now and then. You must never divulge anything you may have seen or heard since you came here, but you may invent as many lies as you please, the greater the better—concerning me. Do you understand?

Denny.—It's as plain as the nose on my face.

Seymour.—That will do. [*Exit.*

Denny.—Oh! you dasaiving ould villain of the world—you thundherin' ould Turk of a vagabone!—I'm up to your thricks—I'll watch, never fear, but it's yourself, an' nobody else—you make me rich—you give my mother plinty! I wouldn't touch your goold, now that I know you, not if I was starvin'; an' I'd sooner see my mother stretched lyin' dead before me, than she should handle a fardin' or half a fardin' of the wages of villany an' dasate. If we're poor we're honest, an' where's the man, woman, or child, that could point a finger at aither of us this minnit, an' say we ever done 'em an ill turn? That's more than *he* can say the dishilute ould haythen—it is.—(*Walks proudly through the room.*)

Re-enter George Seymour.

Seymour.—I have changed my mind; I shall not write to Mr. Franks until to-morrow. But see Mr. Rochefort to-night if possible, and let me know in the morning how you have succeeded.

Denny.—Am I to slape here to-night, sir?

Seymour.—No, I shall not want you. To-morrow early you will find me here—meanwhile be cautious.

[*Exit.*

Denny.—He's not the divle afther all, or I couldn't dasaive him that way: but faix he's a near relation, I'm thinkin'. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

GERALD ROCHEFORT'S ROOM.—[Gerald discovered writing.]

Enter Tom Crosbie.

Tom.—Gerald, my boy, how are you? Delighted I've caught you at home. Come, throw aside that *billet-doux*, for the present—you can finish it by 'nd by—the lady will lose nothing by the delay, for I'll help you with a few metaphors when business is concluded. Swan-like neck, snowy bosom, golden hair, diamond eyes, ruby lips, pearly teeth, and all that sort of thing. We'll make her out a sort of animated Golconda, or compare her to one of the pieces of raw beef brought up by the eagles from Sinbad's "Valley of Diamonds." There's an idea for you, you dog!—*(Slaps him on the shoulder.)*

Gerald.—Well, Crosbie,—*(laughing,)*—I believe if you were sentenced to speak seriously for five minutes, it would be your death. Were you ever serious since you were born?

Tom.—Serious! Sir, you insult me by the question! In comparison to me, Calvin was a clown, and Martin Luther a merryandrew! When I was Prime Minister to the King of Ashantee, his Majesty surnamed me the ———, I needn't repeat the words, since you don't understand the language, but in the vernacular they signify—the "Sugar-stick of Sense," and the "Winnowing Machine of Wisdom." What do you think of that, sir? Was Sir Robert Peel ever called a sugar-stick of sense, let me ask you? or Lord Melbourne, a winnowing machine of wisdom? No, sir! nor *never* will! The Majesty of England has its gold-

stick, and its silver-stick, but it never yet has been able to find a man sufficiently saccharine to enable him to be called a *sugar-stick*!

Gerald.—(*Laughing.*)—I humbly ask pardon of your sweetness; in future I shall consider Solomon a fool to you, and the “Wise Men of Gotham” a society of numsculls. Pray, by seated. But, what’s the matter with you now? you seem to have grown thoughtful all in a minute; nothing unpleasant has occurred, I hope?

Tom.—In the first place, my dear Gerald—and I know you won’t think me intrusive, for thus interfering in so delicate a matter—I must tell you that I have discovered one or two of your secrets, which, perhaps, you would rather had not come to the ears of such a harum-scarum individual as your humble servant. But just let me tell you how it happened.—A few days since Dennis Conner came to me in great confusion of mind. Says I, “why you ragged rascal, what brings you here? What evil deed is in the wind?” “That’s *it*,” replied Denny, “the very thing I come about—I’m afeard some evil deed *is* in the wind, Mither Tom.” “Well,” I replied, “out with it at once—what the deuce is it?” “Mischief,” says Denny, “that’s what it is; an’ schamin’, an’ all sorts of vagabone thricks—divle a less.” Well, after a little persuasion, he informed me he was living with an old man—a sort of money lender—that you paid him a visit not long since, and were closeted with the old man for some time. Having known you, he felt curious to find out the purport of your visit—in short, that he listened at the key hole, and that he heard enough to make him suspect all was not right. The old man had intrusted him with a letter, cautioning him to be particular and let no one have it but Mr. Franks. Not being able to

read himself, Denny thought he'd bring it to me before he'd deliver it to Mr. Franks. There being no direction on the envelope, I concluded to open it, for I thought if there was any mischief afloat against you, I would like to know it.—I opened the letter, and, after reading it, concluded to retain it, and send Denny back to watch the old man, to see if he could discover anything more. This morning Denny came to me again. It appears the old man has employed Denny to pretend to have been discharged for speaking to you on the night of your visit, and try and get you to take him as your servant. This just suited the plan formed by Denny and myself, so he agreed at once to the proposal. This he told me this morning. But, read that, perhaps it may open your eyes a bit.—*(Handing letter.)*

Gerald.—(Reads.)—"Sir—If you value the happiness of your daughter, you will, for the present, at least, suffer matters to proceed no further between her and the person you have chosen for her husband. The writer of this caution, though, for certain reasons, he cannot, as yet, appear in his proper person, is a friend who is deeply interested in both parties, and it is solely with their welfare in view that he now acts. His advice, however, is, that the visits of Mr. Rochefort may be permitted to continue as usual for a few days, in the course of which, circumstances now involved in some doubt, shall be investigated, and the result made known to you."

Gerald.—By Heavens!—*(dashing his hand on the table,)*—the old villain shall pay dearly for this! I will go to him this instant. Crosbie, you will accompany me? There is some mystery here that must be unravelled——

*Tom.—*Take things quietly, my dear fellow. We'll

walk into him before long, with the blessing of the Lord; the longer we let him run his course, the surer we'll have him at the end. He's a nice specimen of that respectable class called "elderly gentlemen," I fancy. But, Gerald, have you any idea of his motives for acting toward you as he has done?

Gerald.—Not the slightest. Until a night or two ago, I never saw him to my knowledge.

Tom.—It is the strangest thing I ever heard; for my part, I can make neither head nor tail of it, but, please the fates, it won't be so long—it's odd if we don't unkennel the old fox, and *when* we do, perhaps we won't run him to earth in a style that Melton himself might be proud of! Yoicks! my boy! cheer up; he little knows, this morning, the pleasant surprise that's preparing for him! But I quite forgot to tell you that Denny the Cute is outside waiting all this time.

Gerald.—We'll have him in this moment; but before he comes, Crosbie, I must tell you how deeply I thank you for your conduct in this affair. I trust I may yet have it in my power to do you a similar service.

Tom.—Thank you kindly, you're mighty civil, but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather you'd never have the power to do any such thing. I'm bad enough, Lord knows, already, without being made the second edition of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. No, no, Gerald, my boy, nothing of the kind! And as to thanks—just keep them until I ask for them. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Tom Crosbie with Denny Conner.

Gerald.—Well, my friend, so I find that you've been committing felony on my behalf. Sit down, and tell me all about it.—(*Denny seats himself.*)

Tom.—Now, Dinny, you scoundrel, tell Mr. Rochefort every thing you have already told me, and don't be all day about it.

Denny.—I won't be while a cat 'ud be lickin' her ear. You see, sir, I'se a poor boy with a mother, two brothers an' a sisther to support, an' in gettin' along I am compelled to sarve all kind of rich raskels an' vagabones—I lived with Misther Tom Crosbie, here, once, your honor, for two years. Well, about sax months ago this ould haythen I am now with, come across me, an' tuk me to run of errands an' watch that ould house where you come the other night, while he 'ud be away at his house in another part of the city——

Gerald.—What! do you tell me, that this employer of yours does not live in the old house where I visited him?

Denny.—Yis, sir; sure enough he doesn't. If he did he'd be mighty apt to know what sort of a bite a rat can give; for of all the places ever I seen, that same ould house flogs for the infernal varmint—bad loock to him!

Tom.—But you know where he does live, Dinny, don't you?

Denny.—May be I could make a guess.

Tom.—Come, then, out with it!

Denny.—Oh, faix, a snug spot he lives in—a body might slape *there* long enough afore the rats 'ud come to ate a supper off his nose—divle sind thim an appetite! It's thim that's hard to plase! But sure it's no wondher the poor ignorant bastes should bite the nose off a poor boy like me, whin I hear people say the quality ate the *pope's nose*—Christ save us!—(*Crosses himself.*)

Tom.—How did you discover the fact of your Master having a different residence?

Denny.—Bedad, Masther Tom, the same way a 'ttorney—(sweet bad loock to thim!)—once behaved like a christian—by *chance*.—That's how it was.

Tom.—Well, let us hear it.

Denny.—Hear which, sir? About the 'ttorney, is it?

Tom.—(*Furiously*).—No! the attorney be damned!

Denny.—All in good time! It's how I found out the ould thief's saycret you want to hear?

Tom.—Yes—and let me warn you to say nothing more about either rats or attorneys, or any other vermin whatever.—Mind that.

Denny.—Well, you see, gintlemen, the way of it was this. On the night Masther Garald visited the old miser, I had began to be suspicious of the ould haythen, an' I tuk it into my head to watch, an' see if I couldn't make some discoveries—so I put my ear to the kay hole, an' heard every blissid word atween the ould vagabone and Masther Garald, an' I thought I could see a piece of schamin' divlement, that a tailor 'ud be ashamed of. Afther Masther Garald wint away, I thought I would lave the ould house to take care of itself awhile, an' stroll through the town for an hour or so. Well, afther walkin' here a bit an' there a bit, I come on to Baggot strate, and just as I got forninst a fine house, I seen a gintleman going into the door. Just as the gintleman turned round to close the door, the light of the hall lamp shone bright in his face, an' I discovered he was no other than my ould Turk of a Master. The white hair an' beard were gone, an' so was the stoop in the shoulder. Oh, ho! thought I, this is a mighty purty piece of bus'ness!

Gerald.—Do you mean to tell me, that the person

I saw and conversed with at that ruined house, is not an old man?

Denny.—Truth it's just the very thing I *do* mane.

Gerald.—And that his hair and beard were not real?

Denny.—I don't say *that*; they are rayal enough, I dar' say, but the hair never grew white on *his* head, an' mighty little shavin' 'ud go a great way with that beard, I'm thinkin'.

Gerald.—By Heavens! there is some terrible villany here! but I cannot understand it. My brain is every instant becoming more and more confused. Crosbie, what is to be done?

Tom.—Stop a bit; tell me this, Dinny—how long have you been in the service of this man?

Denny.—Four or five months, off an' on; some times he'd say he was lavin' town, an' send me home for a fortnight; more times he'd have me slape there with the rats, bad loock to thim!

Tom.—And you never suspected, all that time, that he was anything but what he appeared to be?

Denny.—No, in troth; I knew he was as rich as a Jew, for I ofthen seen hapes of bank notes the height of my knee on the table before him, an' divle a much I cared what he was, while he paid me my wages. But whin he began this bis'ness about Masther Garald, an' uset to sind me to watch him goin' and comin' from Masther Franks', I began to smell a rat—an' be my sowl I ought to know the smell of thim purty well by this time! So I just tuk it in my head that he was no great shakes, an' now I am sure of it.

Tom.—Did he ever sleep in that old house himself?

Denny.—Oh, yis, indeed! What a fool my granny was!

Tom.—Did he eat his meals there?

Denny.—Not as much as 'ud blind a midge's eye ever

crossed his lips in that same house, barrin' a biscuit now an' thin, an' a glass of wine.

Tom.—Did any one ever meet him there?

Denny.—Ofthen. Men ofthen came there, an' were closeted up with him hour after hour.

Tom.—Why didn't you put your ear to the key hole then, Dinny?

Denny.—Bekase I was a fool: that's just the rason!

Tom.—Did you ever hear his name?

Denny.—Never with *his* knowledge.

Gerald.—Then you *did* hear it?

Denny.—I did, sir. The night I found him out, I wint an' axed the sarvints next door——

Gerald.—Well, well? Quick, man! what was it?

Denny.—Misther Seymour!

Gerald.—(*In a loud quick tone.*)—What! did you say *Seymour*?

Denny.—That's the very word.

Gerald.—I see it all! I understand it all, now! The desperate villain!

Tom.—Then you know him?

Gerald.—Know him! Do I know the man who has made me a beggar, and worse—a thousand times worse—who has——(*Pauses.*)—Crosbie, you shall hear the entire story to-night. In the meantime, I will take the necessary steps to unravel a portion of this mystery; and Dennis, until then, do you return to your employer; watch him well, and bring me intelligence of anything that happens. You have done me a greater service than you think, and you shall not want a friend as long as I live.

Denny.—Don't spake of that, Masther Garald; you saved the life of my poor ould mother whin she had the sickness, glory be to God! an' Denny Conner, for all his rags, has feelin' in his heart.—(*Turns his head and wipes a tear from his eye.*)

Tom.—Well, Gerald, my boy ! I told you we'd unkennel the old fox !
[*Exeunt Tom and Gerald.*]

Denny.—I'm as happy as a king ! an' as to *you*, my ould Masther. you thunderin' vagabone ! your bread is baked ! Only wait a bit !
[*Exit singing.*]

I'll let you know,
Before you go,
What a beau your granny was !

SCENE IV.

PARLOR.—[*Mr. Franks discovered walking the Room.*]

Enter Gerald Rochefort.

Mr. Franks.—Oh ! good morning, Mr. Rochefort ! When did you come to town ?

Gerald.—I have not been out of town.

Mr. Franks.—Oh, you haven't, haven't you ? then may I take the liberty of asking you, where you have been ?

Gerald.—Indeed, sir, my absence has been unavoidable. I am sure you must know that anywhere but here I could not be happy.

Mr. Franks.—I know no such thing, sir ! I don't believe a word of it. In *my* time it was the fashion for a man, if he loved a girl, to spend at least *some* portion of his time in her society——

Gerald.—Indeed, sir——

Mr. Franks.—Fiddlestick ! sir. Don't interrupt me. I say, in *my* time, such was the fashion, and let me tell you, that if Jessie took *my* advice, she'd have

nothing more to say to you. Do you hear that, sir? If you neglect her so shamefully *before* marriage, what may she expect afterward?

Gerald.—But, my dear sir——

Mr. Franks.—Make no excuses, sir! I'll not listen to them. I suppose you would not come even now if you had not been sent for?

Gerald.—I assure you, sir, I was just leaving the house to come, when I received Jessie's note.

Mr. Franks.—Well, I suppose I must believe you. Ah, yes, poor Mary Trevor, it was at her request Jessie sent for you. Sit down; I am in no happy humor this morning, Gerald, so you must excuse anything I have said. Yesterday morning I received the information of the death of one of my former clerks. He had, for ten years, been in India, and I was not aware of his return, until I was informed of his death. His daughter and Jessie, when children, were as sisters, and I immediately sent for Mary. It appears they had returned about seven years since, nearly all of which time he had been confined to his bed, with a disease contracted while in India. On the eve of his embarkation he was intrusted with a package, and, although every effort was made on their part to discover the person to whom it was addressed, they were not fortunate enough to do so. In a conversation between the two girls, Jessie happened to mention your name. This brought to Mary's memory this mysterious package, and, it appears that, however strange the coincidence may seem, this paper is addressed to you.

Gerald.—To me! There must be some mistake. What was the name of the person from whom your former clerk received it?

Mr. Franks.—That I cannot tell. However, as to

a mistake, you will soon have an opportunity of convincing yourself, for Jessie has the paper.—(*Rings.*)

Enter Servant.

Inform your Mistress that Mr. Rochefort is here, and bid her to come here. [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Jessie Franks with the Package.

Jessie, my love, I have explained to Mr. Rochefort the circumstances under which this paper came into poor Trevor's hands.—(*Jessie hands the package to Gerald, who glances eagerly over the superscription.*)

Mr. Franks.—Well, Gerald, is it for you?

Gerald.—It certainly must be, sir; the address puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.—(*Reads the address.*) "To be delivered into the hands of Gerald Rochefort, Esq.—only son, and heir of John Rochefort and Catharine Austyn, his wife. Or, in the event of his death, to be opened by his mother, the said Catharine Rochefort; but should both be dead, then this paper to be destroyed, as the contents can be of no service to any other person whomsoever."

Mr. Franks.—Then you had better lose no time in making yourself acquainted with its contents. But perhaps you would rather return home before you do so.

Gerald.—With your leave, my dear sir, I will read it here, it can contain no secret which should be hidden from——

Jessie.—Me! Come, Gerald, open it at once, and let us hear what frightful plot it is intended to reveal. I am dying with curiosity.

Gerald.—Then your curiosity shall speedily be grat-

ified.—(*Breaks the seals. The package contains several papers—letters and notes—promissory notes and bills.—One paper, the largest, is sealed and directed in a similar manner to the outside envelope. This Gerald opens and runs his eyes over the contents.*)

Gerald.—My dear sir.—(*Seizing Mr. F. by the hand and shaking it heartily.*)—My dear sir, congratulate me! Jessie, congratulate me!—(*Clasps her in his arms, kissing her several times.*)

Mr. Franks.—As soon as you have smothered my daughter, and while somebody is going for the coroner, perhaps you'd have the goodness to inform me, upon what grounds a man should be congratulated on becoming a candidate for Bedlam!

Jessie.—If it is quite the same to you, papa, I would much rather he'd postpone the smothering, and let us have the explanation first.

Gerald.—My dear sir, my dear Jessie, I'm the happiest man alive!

Mr. Franks.—Then I must say, I hope I may never see any one happy again, if my fingers are to be ground to mummy, by way of expressing his delight.

Gerald.—Will no one wish me joy?—Jessie, why don't you wish me joy?

Mr. Franks.—What the devil should we wish you joy for? Is it for losing your senses?

Jessie.—You forget, Gerald, dear, you have not told us the contents of that paper.

Gerald.—By Jove! I believe I *have* lost my senses! But just listen to this:—(*Reads.*)

"I, Walter Stevenson, being in the last stage of a fatal illness, and about to appear before my God, do make this confession, believing it to be in all parts true, and in the sincere hope that it may be the means

of repairing the fortunes of a family, in whose ruin, I acknowledge, with deep remorse, I was made an agent. I had for years been the principal confederate and only confidant of George Seymour, who, for some reasons which he would never avow, had conceived an intense and unconquerable hatred against Mr. John Rochefort. I was introduced to Mr. Rochefort by Mr. Seymour, as a man of large fortune, for the purpose of inducing him to gamble for immense sums. At first, we played fairly, but, finding that we could not succeed speedily in the destruction of our victim, we had recourse to cheating and foul play of every description. An agreement was made by Seymour and myself, by which he was to receive all sums of money and personal securities won from Mr. Rochefort, and I to be paid a certain amount as my share of the spoils. When we had stripped Mr. Rochefort of all his ready money, Seymour advanced him immense sums on mortgage, which sums quickly found their way back again into Seymour's hands, and again advanced, until, by degrees, the entire of Mr. Rochefort's property came into Seymour's hands. When this consummation of his villany was accomplished, Seymour paid me my share of the spoils, and insisted on my leaving the country—which was part of the compact between us. I had been but a short time in India, when I heard of Mr. Rochefort's death; and, from that hour, I have never known a moment's peace of mind, but remorse, preying on my health, gradually reduced me to the brink of the grave, and now, on my death bed, I make this confession, as the only restitution in my power. The enclosed bills are some of those obtained from Mr. Rochefort, and kept by me without Seymour's knowledge, and the letters, some of which are in Seymour's own handwriting, and some copies, will prove the

truth of the above statements, and may probably be of service, in enabling the wife or son of Mr. Rochefort, to recover the property which he had thus been robbed of.

WALTER STEVENSON.

"Attest,

"RICHARD SANDFORD,

"Rector St. Paul's Church, Calcutta."

Underneath is written :

"A few hours after the above was completed, Walter Stevenson departed this life—I sincerely trust for a better and a happier one. At his request, I deliver this document into the hands of a gentleman who was a kind friend to him during his last illness, and who, being about to return to England, has promised to fulfil his wishes respecting it.

"CHARLES BELLMEAR, *Clerk.*

"Calcutta, August 24, 1814."

Mr. Franks.—(*Grasping Gerald's hand and dancing.*) Hurrah, my boy! three cheers! The damned villain! Jessie—the infernal villain! Jessie, I say—oh, the desperate villain! Jessie, why the devil don't you sing? You have no more feeling than that table—why don't you throw your arms round his neck and wish him joy?

Jessie.—I'm afraid of being smothered, papa!

Mr. Franks.—Afraid of the devil, Miss! Walk over here this minute.

Jessie.—Well, then, when the coroner comes, remember you are the cause of my death!—(*Approaches Gerald and holds out her hand.*)—Dear Gerald, I congratulate you with all my heart.

Mr. Franks.—(*Walks behind her, and, with a vigor-*

ous push, sends her into Gerald's arms.)—For three straws I'd horsewhip you! standing there shilly-shallying, when you know, in your heart, you're dying to be at him! Bah! I hate such humbugging! Kiss him, I say—the damned villain!

Gerald.—Sir!

Mr. Franks.—Oh, a thousand pardons—I meant that damned villain, Seymour! Is he alive?

Gerald.—He is, sir; not only alive, but at this very moment in Dublin.

Mr. Franks.—In Dublin! Just wait while I get my hat.—(*Rushing towards the door.*)

Gerald.—Stay, my dear sir; we'll have him; time enough——

Mr. Franks.—Have him? We'll hang him, sir! up by the neck! He shall be hanged, drawn, and quartered—and roast, sir, roast alive!

Jessie.—After his being quartered, I suppose?

Mr. Franks.—Leave the room, Ma'am! you're a disgrace to your sex, and your sex is a disgrace to the world.

Jessie.—And the world——

Mr. Franks.—Consider yourself no longer my daughter—you'll pack off—to the poor house before to-morrow morning.

Jessie.—Now, my dear father——

Mr. Franks.—Dear granny; hold your tongue, Miss!

Jessie.—Forgive me this one time,—(*walking towards him, with the palms of her hands together, and whimpering,*)—this one little time, and I'll never do it again!

Mr. Franks.—If you dare come near me, I'll—I'll pull your nose!

Jessie.—Only this one little time.—(*This is repeated, while Jessie approaches her father slowly, until she is*

within a short distance, when, with a sudden spring, she throws her arms around his neck, and kisses him.)

Mr. Franks.—There, now, run away with yourself. I forgive you.

Jessie.—And you won't horsewhip me?

Mr. Franks.—No—no—there be off.

Jessie.—Nor send me to the poor house?

Mr. Franks.—No, I tell you.

Jessie.—Nor pull my nose?

Mr. Franks.—No—unless you provoke me to it by staying here any longer.

Jessie.—Well, then, I forgive you, so there's another kiss for you. [Exit.]

Mr. Franks.—That's the way she always makes a fool of me.—She's the plague of my life. But come to my library. This Seymour, sir—we'll hang him high as Haman.

Gerald.—Excuse me this morning. Mr. Crosbie was to meet me at my rooms at ten. I'll be with you this evening. In the mean time, what say you to Jessie and yourself dropping in at mother's, and prepare her for receiving the details of this startling disclosure? I'll meet you there as soon as Mr. Crosbie and myself hunt up this Seymour.

Mr. Franks.—With all my heart. Although I am but a poor hand at such jobs, yet Jessie, bless the darling, can, and will, do the thing up neatly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

SITTING-ROOM—SEYMOUR'S HOUSE, BAGGOT STREET.

[Seymour discovered seated at a Table.]

Seymour.—(*Rising.*)—Thirty years! Ah! what a change! Then, basking in the smiles of love's young dreams—the future bright and glorious, with the sweet girl on whom I had lavished all the love of a heart free from guile, by my side, I slept on and dreamed. But, oh! the waking from that dream! A needy adventurer stepped in and robbed me of all—my love—my dream of happiness—my honor! We met—upon the green sod I left my rival weltering in his own blood, to die—as I hoped—as I prayed! But it was not to be!—he recovered! What was left me! No peace, but revenge! No joys, but her tortures and her groans! But her, Kate Rochefort! Well do I remember her words—"I now *despise* you!" Aye, then I cursed her, bidding her, when she was writhing beneath the power of the spirit she had *despised*, to remember, that the tortures she was enduring, were but the workings of my *revenge*! I fled! Seventeen long years I was a stranger to my home. I returned! The princely estate of my rival vanished, and hailed me as its owner! He died, broken hearted they say! *Revenge*! The widow lived on in penury and wretchedness, my hatred following her, step by step, until she confessed to me having used the wealth confided to her care, for the use of the orphan Emma. True, no other crime could be attached to that, than a simple breach of trust.—Yet she knew it not. Her fears placed her still farther in my power! *Revenge*!

Gerald knew not the manner in which his mother had received her ward's fortune, and, when informed of the circumstances, took it for granted, that she had placed herself within the power of the law, and saw no way for her escape, but by replacing the money ere her ward reached majority. I had sworn vengeance against her and hers, and to reach Gerald most effectively was through his love for Miss Franks. He is a noble boy, and is willing, to save his mother from harm, to sacrifice that love! Were the mother dead, I could forgive the son. Since Emma has been my companion, a gentler spirit has been awakened. She is the only being I have met, since I reached man's estate, who has touched my heart. She loves Gerald sincerely, and for her sake, I will pretend, when I meet him to-morrow night, that the reason for breaking off the match, no longer exists, and will give him the money required; and, then, in the character of guardian to Emma, I will demand it from Mrs. Rochefort. Then, with my adopted daughter, I will bid farewell to Ireland forever. But I will see Mrs. Rochefort again, and probe that proud spirit of hers to the quick.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

GERALD ROCHEFORT'S ROOM.

Enter Gerald Rochefort and Tom Crosbie.

Tom.—Well, I do declare, Gerald, your history beats the Mysteries of Udolpho all hollow! By the Lord! this is the greatest day that ever came for old Ireland! Just oblige me with a loan of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, will you? It's a mere trifle to you, you know! Why, man alive, Cræsus was a beggar-man to you! Stop a bit—there's a pack of fox-hounds for sale at Dycer's to-morrow, and Frank Studdert's hunting-stud is to be had for a song—I saw the most perfect thing at Hutton's yesterday, in the way of a light mail—there's a splendid yacht advertised in this morning's "Saunder's"—the best grouse-mountain in the kingdom is to be let—the——

Gerald.—For God's sake, my dear Crosbie, be serious for a few minutes. I want your advice in this matter.

Tom.—Oh! that's a different thing. Imagine yourself addressing Solomon—now for it.—(*Seats himself.*)

Gerald.—With this paper in my possession, I think I may boldly demand from Seymour the restitution of my father's property——

Tom.—Think! what do you mean by *think*? Don't you know very well you may?

Gerald.—Yes; but he may deny the entire statement.

Tom.—How the devil can he do that, when you have his own letters to Stevenson?

Gerald.—He may deny them also.

Tom.—Then, blow his brains out! and, indeed, un-

der any circumstances, I don't see how you can avoid that!

Gerald.—Nevertheless, I most certainly will avoid it. The law shall deal with him.

Tom.—Law be damned! justice, sir, before law, any day—the scoundrel must be shot!

Gerald.—Not by me, Tom; *you* may shoot him if you have any fancy for it, but——

Tom.—Don't say another word! I'll pepper him—I'll do him the undeserved honor of sending a bullet through his kidney. He's a dead man before this time to-morrow. You must carry the challenge, Gerald, my boy!—(*Starts to prepare it.*)

Gerald.—(*Laughing.*)—Come, come, Crosbie, you must give up this blood-thirsty notion.

Tom.—I'll tell you what, there's no use in talking, but if you don't let me pepper that infernal rascal, I'll never forgive you!

Gerald.—Well, we'll speak of that directly. But what had I better do first?

Tom.—After all, I think the best thing you can do is to go straight to his house this moment, and, before he has time or opportunity to defend himself, accuse him boldly of the charges made against him in that confession of his unfortunate confederate. I can shoot him afterwards.

Gerald.—I will take your advice. Will you come with me, Crosbie?

Tom.—Will I? I wouldn't lose the meeting for a thousand pounds! I told you we'd unkennel him—and now to be in at the death! No fear we shall “miss our tip,” my boy. But don't you think that we might want Denny Conner in this affair?

Enter Denny Conner.

Denny.—An' av you want him, you have him. Spake of the divle, axin' yer pardon, gentlemen, for mentionin' the baste!—(*Touching the brim of his hat.*)

Tom.—Why, Dinny, what brings you here?

Denny.—Faix, I'm takin' a walk. Sorro a ha'p'orth else.

Tom.—I thought you went back to your worthy Master's when you left us this morning.

Denny.—So I did, sir, but I knew he wouldn't be there afore night, so I just come to look at the ladies!

Tom.—Well, so much the better. We have found out the "ould Turk," as you call him, and are going to pay him a visit.

Denny.—Oh, thunder-alive! is it in airnest you are, Masther Tom? downright airnest?

Tom.—Yes, come along. When we have holed the fox, we may want you in at the death.

Denny.—I'll tell you what it is, that ould thief insulted me, when he axed me to spy Masther Garald. You're a gentleman, Masther Crosbie, an' can undherstand how a poor boy, without a fardin' in his pocket, or a skreed on his back, has his feelings as well as thim that rowl about in carri'ges—the ould naygur insulted me, I say, an' if it was for nothin' else than that, I'll have my revenge of him.—(*Dashes his hat on the floor.*)

Tom.—Well, Dinny, you rascal, I'll forgive you all the mischief you ever did, and all the lies you ever told, while you were my valet, for your conduct on this occasion. You're not so great a scoundrel as I thought.

Denny.—I'm no betther nor my neighbors—I'm no betther nor my neighbors, Masther Tom: but I'd

scorn to be a spy. But stop, Masther Garald—since I left you this mornin' I've had my eye on the ould Turk; an' I dogged him from Baggot strate till yer mother's door, where you'll find him now, I'm afther thinkin'.

Gerald.—Indeed; then Tom, we've no time to lose.
[*Exeunt Gerald and Tom.*]

Denny.—Hurroo! hurroo! yer sowl!—(*Throws his hat up several times, kicking it as it falls.*)—Hish! take that! Bad loock to poverty! Whoo yer sowl!—(*Demolishes his hat.—Starts for the door—suddenly stops and scratches his head in deep thought.*)—Be the howly Saint Pathrick—I have it! I'll to Baggot strate, an' tell the young lady there, that the ould haythen wants her till Misthress Rochefort's; an' by the curse of Crummel, we'll smother the ould Turk wid the presence of his frinds.

[*Exit singing and capering.*]

SCENE VII.

DRAWING ROOM—MRS. ROCHEFORT'S HOUSE.

[Mrs. Rochefort discovered seated, gazing upon a Miniature.]

Enter George Seymour.

Mrs. R.—(*Looking up.*)—Again, sir! have you dared
——(*Rising.*)

Seymour.—Aye, Madam, I have dared more than this. Remember!

Mrs. R.—Would to God that I could *forget!* Why have you come here now?

Seymour.—To bring you news!

Mrs. R.—News!—what news have you brought me? You were ever the bearer of evil tidings.

Seymour.—And am now—and ever shall be to you and yours. Have you felt my power yet, Madam?

Mrs. R.—Oh, I have! I have! but spare me now.
—(*Sinking back into her seat.*)

Seymour.—Nor now, nor never! You shall feel it to the last!

Mrs. R.—Speak, then, at once! Let me hear the worst! I can bear anything now! What new evil has your malice in store for me?

Seymour.—As I have been a vulture to thy heart, so will I be a raven to thy ear. Thy son——

Mrs. R.—(*Springing from her seat and grasping Seymour's arm.*)—Gerald! What of him? Speak!

Seymour.—Your son, Madam, knows all your crimes, and has consented to break off his marriage with Miss Franks, to save his mother from dying in prison, on condition I loan him the required amount, to make

good to Miss Aubyn, the fortune left her, and which you so basely squandered.

Mrs. R.—Oh, God! comfort my noble boy! Begone, sir! My son would, were he here, chastise the coward

Enter Mr. Franks and Jessie.

who thus dares insult his unprotected mother, fallen though she be. Beware, George Seymour! In this you have gone beyond forbearance—the worm will at last turn and sting the heel which is crushing it to the earth! Your part in this transaction shall now be made known to Gerald. Would he were here to sweep the reptile from my sight.

Seymour.—Ha! ha! ha! Comes it then to this? Know then, woman! thy wrath and thy scorn falls harmless at my feet. Both thou and thy boy, ere to-morrow's sun, shall breathe the foul air within a prison's walls.

Mr. Franks.—Seymour! Seymour! Ah! the very man Gerald and Mr. Crosbie have gone to chastise—the villain! What I have witnessed since I came here, would have convinced me, that you could have been no other than George Seymour, without having heard the name. Jessie, hold my hat and coat, while I show this jackanapes, that he is not to insult a woman in my presence, without meeting his just deserts. Watch him, Jessie, and don't let him escape by the door, while I am rolling up my sleeves.

Enter Gerald Rochefort and Tom Crosbie.

Gerald.—Hold, Mr. Franks; let me relieve you of this disagreeable job. Attend to the ladies.

Seymour.—May I ask to whom I am indebted for this interference?

Gerald.—It is an idle question, sir: the pretext of ignorance will avail but little. You have not now to learn who I am.

Tom.—And as to me, if you have any particular anxiety to know my name, you will find it there.—
(*Throws his card on table.*)

Seymour.—What is the meaning of this outrage? You are both strangers to me.

Gerald.—It is a falsehood! and, in order to spare you the degradation of uttering such another, permit me to inform you, at once, that I am acquainted with the entire of your villany, from beginning to end.

Seymour.—(*Passing his hand rapidly across his forehead.*)—You force me, sir, to leave you.

Gerald.—By Heavens! this is more than I can bear. Look you, for the sake of my father's memory, I would spare you public disgrace if possible; but, so help me Heaven! if you carry on this farce one instant longer, I will denounce you to the world for the villain that you are! I *know* you, sir,—you would have ruined *me*, as you have done my parents. Even now, I should have been your victim, but that the hand of Providence placed the means of escape within my reach. You are at this moment in my power, so that, by a word, I can crush you to the lowest depths of disgrace and infamy; but it rests with yourself whether that word shall be spoken——

Seymour.—(*In a low voice.*)—What is all this? Why are you here?

Gerald.—(*With gentleness.*)—Mr. Seymour, I will explain in a few words why I am here. Since the night when I made an application to you, supposing the character you then assumed, to be your real one, I have discovered many secrets of your life. When I tell you that the greater part of them have been made

known to me through Walter Stevenson, I presume, it is unnecessary to add, that I am aware of the means by which my poor father's ruin was affected.

Seymour.—Ah! Hell and damnation! foiled! Foiled at the very moment of triumph, and that, too, by the death-bed repentance of the tool I fostered for its accomplishment. Death to my dreams of revenge! Aye, and death to thee, who would thus triumph in my fall.—(*Attempts to stab Gerald, but is prevented by Crosbie, who hurls Seymour to the floor, stunning him by the fall.*)

Enter Emma Aubyn, followed by Denny Conner.

Emma Aubyn.—What means this? (*Seeing Mrs. R.*) Oh, mother, tell me quickly, why this scene?

Mrs. R.—(*Embracing Emma.*)—It means, my love, that an all-seeing Providence has laid bare the devilish deeds of that man,—(*points to Seymour,*)—who, in revenge, attempted but now the death of my noble boy.

Emma Aubyn.—What! the death of dear Gerald, and by my guardian, too?

Mrs. R.—Guardian! No guardian, but a base plotter to mar the happiness of others, and riot in their misery. In my youth, that man was a woer for my heart and hand. For his fierce and ungovernable passions, his suit was rejected. For that act, no means has he left untried, to wreak his vengeance on me and mine. My husband—my fortune,—both have felt his power,—my fortunes fled—my husband lies in his grave, the victim of this fiend, and of a broken heart. My own existence has been made miserable by his hellish arts. At last, to secure his silence, in a moment of anguish, I confessed I had used the fortune committed, with you, to my care. From that day to

this, not a moment's peace have I known. To aid him in his designs to get you in his power, as a farther act of vengeance on me, he extorted from my fears, an acknowledgment of his false pretensions to your guardianship. You listened to his words, and left me. My boy's happiness has not escaped his machinations, and but now he sought his life.

Emma Aubyn.—My God! this is terrible! 'Tis true, he did persuade me, as my guardian, to flee your house, and dwell with him as his adopted daughter, but not until he had rung my heart with the wrongs he made me believe I had suffered at your hands. This story of his guardianship being false, oh, what credence can I now give to the rest? Oh, my God! support me, in this, my hour of misery.—(*Falls into Mrs. R.'s arms weeping.*)

(*During this scene Seymour revives, and is aided to his feet by Gerald and Denny.*)

Seymour.—Emma here! Ah! then all is lost! Oh! Vengeance, I have followed thee too far, and to receive me hell blows all her fires! Caught! caught in my own snare! Betrayed by my own instrument! This comes of human weakness. Had I strangled the tool, when his services were no longer needed, my amour would have been proof—proof! 'Tis hard to die, with health beating in every pulse, the powers of enjoyment unpalsied, the means of gratifying them in my grasp! Courage! courage! Better death than the idle gaze of the curious, or the pity of unrelenting foes. Revenge! stand firm, and interrupt his wishes! Revenge! on whom?—no matter—earth and Heaven would blush, should I forbear! Now!—(*Stabs himself—falls—partially raising himself.*)—Come hither, Em-

ma, let me hear thy pardon ere I bid farewell to earth.
—(*Emma kneels—supports his head*) Child, I meant
thee no harm, but aimed to do thee good. Gerald, be
kind to poor Emma. Love, fare thee well!—(*Dies.*)

THE END.

THE
BOOK OF CHRONICLES!

Humorously Illustrated:

BEING A FAITHFUL AND TRUE HISTORY OF THE
DISSENSIONS AMONG THE
HARMONIOUS DEMOCRACY
OF THE COUNTY OF KNOX,
UPON THE
KANSAS QUESTION!

TO WHICH IS ADDED
THE CALLS FOR THE LECOMPTON AND
THE ANTI-LECOMPTON MEETINGS.

WRITTEN BY



INSPIRATION!

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1858.

BOOK OF CONSTITUTIONS

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

OF THE YEAR 1787

AMENDED BY

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

OF THE

UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

AND THE

THE BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER I.

IN the first year of the reign of James the Second, called by his friends "Old Buck," by reason of his having withstood the allurements of the fairest portion of the land,



2. A great commotion arose in the land of Kansas, which spread throughout the length and breadth of the land of America, reaching even unto the land of Knox.

3. And James the Second sent to the land of Kansas, one of his Chieftains named Lecompton, to subdue and rule over the turbulent spirits of that rebellious land.

4. But the wrath of the

people thereof waxed hot, and they arose, to a man, and would not have this man Lecompton as their ruler.

5. And James the Second was sorely troubled, and he issued his commands to the people throughout the land, to receive this man Lecompton, and to fall down and worship him.

6. But a goodly portion of the people of the land of

America, under the lead of Stephen, the "Little Giant," rebelled against this command.

7. And the wrath of James the Second waxed hot, and he swore in his anger, that his commands should be obeyed, and that all the people who would not swear allegiance to this man Lecompton should lose their heads.

8. Now, when this command reached the land of Knox, the Chieftains thereof trembled in their boots.

9. And word was sent to the Chieftains, to assemble themselves together, to counsel one with the other.

10. And when the Chieftains assembled themselves together, Edward the Witless, Eli the Miller, John the Chief Consul, Matthew the Irritable, Samuel the Israelite, Samuel the Expectant, whose sir name is Axtell, William the would-be Congressman, and William the Beamite, declared valiantly for the cause of James the Second, and his great Chieftain Lecompton.

11. But William the Gastonite, Jacob, of the house of Ly Brand, Jacob the Banker, Charles the Scribner, Raguet the Spouter, James the Keeper of the Iron Horse, Zimmerman, the Deposed Isaac, of the tribe of Hadley,

Robert the Irvinite, and Harvey, who had diligently sought to count the treasures of the people, manfully stepped forth into the ranks of the Little Giant.

12. But William, the Master of the Posts, bowed his knee, and kissed the toe of the great Lecompton, fearing, peradventure, the wrath of the King.

13. And Lecky the Harper, being afraid of the wrath both of the Little Giant and of the King, fled, and hid himself within his Castle, and placed a strong guard of horse shoes round and about him.

14. At this the wrath of Eli the Miller, waxed exceedingly hot; from his nostrils came forth steam as from a furnace heated seven times hotter than the fiery pit; his eyes shone like two balls of living fire; his tongue became swollen with the venom of his heart, and his mouth belched forth words of bitterness and of gall.

15. So great was his wrath that his legs tottered, and he fell to the ground as dead.

16. And great was the commotion thereat, and Henry, of the house of Banning, brought forth water, and, casting it upon the face of the prostrate Chieftain, he revived.



17. Among the Chieftains of the land of Knox, were Baldwin the Renegade, and John the Know Nothing, whose record caused the friends of the King to look upon them with distrust.

18. The taint of Abolition smelt strong upon the garments of Baldwin; yea, stronger than the stones of the land of Danville; and from the hair of John creepeth forth the filth of the Know Nothing dens.

19. Now, these things stank in the nostrils of the friends of the King, and causeth their stomachs to turn against them.

20. And Baldwin the Renegade, and John the Know Nothing, reasoned one with the other, and came and bowed themselves down at the feet of Lecompton, swearing fealty for the future, receiving the brand of infamy for the past.

CHAPTER II.

THERE dwelleth in a small village called Squealtown, in the land of Knox, one Joseph, of the house of An Keny, a Chieftain mighty in his way.

2. Now, this Chieftain sorely troubled both the friends of the King, and of

the Little Giant, for he vainly attempted to do battle both in the cause of the King and likewise of the Little Giant.

3. And when the friends of the Little Giant issued their commands to the people of the land of Knox, to assemble themselves together at the Castle in the City of

Vernon, on the sixth day of the month of March, in the second year of the reign of James the Second, Joseph caused his name to be attached thereto, and great was the dismay of the friends of the King, for they looked not for this desertion on the part of one whose antecedents led them to look for better things.

4. At the grief of the friends of the King, the heart of Joseph softened, and he cast about striving to retrieve himself from the odium his course had brought upon him, and to cause the face of the King to smile as of old.

5. Now, it appears, this act of rebellion upon the part of Joseph, was caused by his

listening to the pleadings of James, the Keeper of the Iron Horse, a favorite Chief of the Little Giant.

6. And, to make James the Scapegoat, to bear to the mountains, the burden of his sins, Joseph, through the columns of the Banner, denounced him as the betrayer of his unsophisticated innocence, and the cause of his making the face of the King to clothe itself in the habiliments of sadness.

7. And smiles of joy illuminated the face of the King, and Joseph was received again into favor, while James was cast out, as utterly unworthy of a place in the affections of the King.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG the Chieftains friendly to the cause of the King, was one Absalom the Thriftful, who dwelleth in the City of Frederick, in the land of Wayne.

2. In times past, the people of the land of Knox honored him greatly, and confided to his care the safe keeping of the malefactors and the unruly people of the land.

3. In the discharge of the duties appertaining to his post of trust, he greatly pleas-

ed his friends, so much so, indeed, that he retired from office with little or no opposition.

4. Now, when the friends of the Little Giant declared against the King and his Chieftain Lecompton, Absalom took his place in the ranks under the King, having in his eye the post he formerly held, and he battled diligently in the cause of his Master.

5. And the praise of his mighty deeds were on the

tongues of all the faithful :

6. And the fame thereof reached even unto the ears of the Law-makers who assembled themselves together in the City of Columbus, to devise ways and means to prevent the Treasury of the State from becoming too greatly burdened with the issue of banks, and of the coinage of silver and of gold.

7. And the Law-makers issued their mandate to the

people of the land of Knox, not to interfere with nor molest the great Black Republican Chieftain, Underwood, until the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, and the first day of the month of January thereof.

8. Now, this mandate of the Law-makers, troubleth Absalom sorely, for, from his long fast, he hath become an hungered, and longeth for a suck at the public teat.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG the Chieftains of the land of Knox, whose names were not placed on record in the first Chapter, were Montgomery the Sheriff and Cotton the Scattering Candidate.

2. Now, both these Chieftains were mighty in their way, and had aided powerfully in placing the King upon the throne.

3. In the first year of the reign of James the Second, Montgomery the Sheriff, journeyed unto the land of Kansas, and dwelt therein.

4. And on his return to the land of Knox he manfully stepped forth, and declared for the cause of the sovereignty of the people, and

joined the forces under the Little Giant.

5. But the Chieftain Cotton, who was a mighty Nimrod, in hunting after places in the gift of the people, vibrated like unto a pendulum between the forces under the King, and the forces under the Little Giant, fearing, peradventure, lest he strike on the weaker side.

6. Knowing this hankering after places of power, by the Scattering Chieftain,

7. The friends of the King, in the First Ward of the City of Vernon, agreed one with the other,

8. That if he would declare for the King, and go against the impounding of swine found running at large,

they would give him the seat with the City Fathers, then occupied by the great Black Republican Hawk.

9. And thereupon Cotton,

the Scattering Candidate, stepped forth, and enrolled his name with the followers of the King.

CHAPTER V.

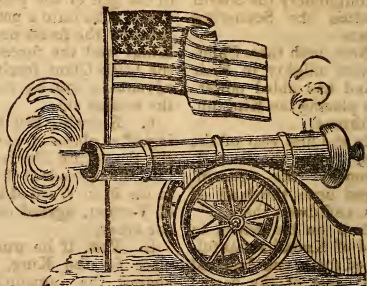
FOREMOST among those who declared for the King, and against the cause of the people, stood the great Chieftain Young, whose Castle is reared among the hills in the land of Monroe.

2. In all the land there are none more ready to do unto the King homage than the Crippled Chieftain.

3. When the knees of the hitherto undaunted followers of the King became helpless

as the limbs of sucklings, through the great fear that was upon them, this Chieftain stood forth dauntless, as though cased in armor, and the echo of his war cry rang throughout the land.

4. On the fifth day of the month of April in the second year of the reign of James the Second, the famous battle of Monroe was fought, between the followers of the King, under the leadership of the Chieftain Young, and



the forces of the gallant Black Republicans, who so numerouslly infest the hills and the valleys of that dark and benighted land.

5. A battle so sanguinary in its results that the Chronicles of history, sacred or profane, containeth not its equal.

6. To its glories, the strings of the lyre of Lecky the Harper awoke, and the fame thereof sounded sweetly in the ears of the King, and his followers became merry as though gladdened with the spirit of new made wine:

7. And it was likened unto the conflict upon the plains

of Salamis, Platea, Marathon, Thermopylae, Waterloo, Bunker Hill, Yorktown, New Orleans, Buena Vista, Palo Alto, and one hundred others, inconvenient for the Harper to attune his lyre to the glories thereof.

8. Now, although the forces of the Black Republicans were defeated, yet they are not dismayed at the war cry of the Chieftain Young, nor the lyric of the Harper, but they withdrew from the well-contested field, bearing with them twenty more of their foes than at a former battle.

CHAPTER VI.



JOHN the Chief Consul, journeyed* unto the Castle of the King, in the land of Washing-

ton, bearing unto him the allegiance of his friends, and the defiance of the rebels.



2. When the King heard these tidings of the rebellion in the land of Knox, he bowed his head and wept:

3. And he swore in his wrath, the rebellious Chieftains must be subdued and return to their loyalty, or John the Consul should not see the land of France.

4. And John the Consul stood amazed, for he looked not for this treatment from the hands of the King, to whom he sold his integrity.

5. And he returned to the land of Knox, sorrowing, for his heart was set on a journey to the land of France.

6. And word was sent to the Chieftains of the land of Knox to assemble themselves together, and take steps to appease the wrath of the King.

7. And the Chieftains assembled themselves together, and hearkened unto the commands of the King, and reasoned one with the other, and those who had declared for the Little Giant, as with one voice, refused to recede from the stand they had taken at their former counsel.

8. And the Chieftains who had knelt at the feet of the King, and taken the Chieftain Lecompton to rule over them,

9. Issued a call to the people of the land of Knox

who were friendly to the cause of the King, and who were willing to take the Chief Lecompton to rule over them,

10. To assemble themselves together at the Castle in the City of Vernon, in the land of Knox, on the fifteenth day of the month of March, in the second year of the reign of James the Second,

11. And to sweep from off the face of the earth, all those dilapidated Chieftains who had declared against the rule of the Lecompton Chieftain, and who hath watered in the face of the King.

12. Peradventure, lest the Chieftains, who were friendly to the cause of the King, should prejudice the minds of the people of the land of Knox against those who had rebelled against the rule of the Chieftain Lecompton,

13. Another call was issued, commanding the people of the land of Knox to assemble themselves together at the Castle in the City of Vernon,

14. On the sixth day of the month of March, in the second year of the reign of James the Second,

15. To hearken unto the reasons which had caused them to join the forces under the Little Giant, and to array themselves against the King.

16. And the "noise and

confusion," created by their proceedings, penetrated the walls of the Castle of Lecky the Harper,

17. Causing him to moan and writhe in agony, for, in the triumph of either the King, or the Little Giant in the land of Knox, the "bread and butter" of his existence would fall to the ground:

18. And Lecky the Harper issued forth from his stronghold,

19. And for the space of six days flew, like a bird of passage, from one contending force to the other,

20. Praying with the one, and counselling with the other, to withdraw their summons to the people,

21. And unite together and command the people of the land of Knox to gather themselves together in one assembly, and

22. To express themselves for or against this Lecompton Chieftain, and to swear fealty to the King, or to join the forces under the Little Giant, as the voice of the majority might declare.

23. And the Chieftains who had rebelled against the

King, confident in their strength, and firm in the integrity of their purposes,

24. Listened to the songs of the Harper, and pledged themselves one with the other to withdraw their summons to the people, and submit to the voice of a majority thereof.

25. But the Chieftains who had resolved to stand by the King, hearkened not unto the songs of the Harper, and grew exceedingly wrathful at the pusillanimity of the Chieftain of Horse Shoe Bend, who was too fearful to declare for or against the King, and drove him forth from among them, and he took refuge within the walls of his stronghold.

26. And he called around him the spirits of the mighty dead, and for the space of fifteen days he dwelt in the presence of those who had arisen from their graves.

27. And throughout his Castle resounded the rappings of the departed, and so great was the noise thereof, his Castle was shunned by the people as a place wherein dwelleth the ungodly.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the sixth day of the month of March, in the second year of the reign of James the Second, the people of the land of Knox assembled themselves together at the Castle, in the City of Vernon.

2. And they came from the valleys, and from the hill tops, and from the extreme corners of the land, to the number of four hundred and three score and ten.

3. And they came in soberness, for they were of that class who loved to reason together, and to hearken unto the words of wisdom.

4. And McWilliams, of the land of Clay, was chosen to preside over them, and Jacob the Banker selected as Scribe.

5. Now, among the Chieftains in the land of Ohio, who had rebelled against the King, and refused to kneel to the cap of the great Lecompton, were Henry the Painful, of the land of Cuyahoga, and Daniel of Toledo, in the land of Frogs.

6. Now these Chieftains once stood high in the favor of the King, and had received many tokens of esteem from his hands.

7. But when the King commanded his followers to fall down and worship the cap of the great Lecompton, they rebelled, and joined the forces under the Little Giant, and they stood forth ready to do battle manfully for the cause they had espoused.

8. And they journeyed from their homes in the land of Cuyahoga and in the land of Frogs, and pitched their tents in the land of Knox.

9. And in the words of truth they spake unto the people, of the wrongs and iniquities attempted to be perpetrated upon the people of the land of Kansas, by the King, and by the Chieftain Lecompton, sent to rule over them.

10. And the people of the land of Knox hearkened unto their words, and arose to a man, and said:

11. This mighty evil shall not be, and they swore in their wrath that they would not have this man Lecompton as their ruler.

12. Among the Chieftains of the land of Knox, who had rebelled against the King, was William the Gastonite,

13. Whom the King and

his Chieftains had brought from the land of Jefferson, to do battle in his cause, and to rescue the land of Knox from the hands of a mighty people called Black Republicans.

14. And the Lecompton Chieftains were incensed at his rebellion, and they swore in their wrath, that he should not dwell in their midst, for they were fearful the people would hearken unto his voice.

15. And William the Gas-tonite also spake unto the people, of the frauds and iniquities attempted to be forced upon the people of the land of Kansas by the King.

16. And the people assembled were amazed at his words of truth, and they girded on their swords anew, resolved to conquer or die in the cause of justice and truth.

17. Now, when the Lecompton Chieftains heard these resolves of an incensed people, they were as dumb-founded, and they reeled through the streets as swine afflicted with the kidney worm.

18. And for the space of three days they remained within their Castles, fearing, peradventure, lest Steele, the Marshal, should impound them under the provisions of the ordinance restraining sick swine from running at large.

19. And Matthew the Ir-ritable journeyed throughout the land of Ohio, in search of Chieftains friendly to the cause of the King, and who were in possession of the gift of gab, to speak unto the people on the fifteenth day of the month of March.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the morning of the fifteenth day of the month of March, in the second year of the reign of James the Second, God caused the rain of heaven to descend upon the earth, and the great thoroughfares leading to the City of Vernon, by reason thereof, became almost impassable.

2. So much so, indeed, that but few of the people of the land of Knox ventured forth from their hearthstones.

3. But those who loved the spirits, both of the departed, and of corn, came forth in their strength, and made the streets of the City to resound with the discord of babbling tongues and of rampant passions,

4. The number thereof were computed by those skillful in the science of figures, to have reached three hundred and two score and five.

5. And Lecky the Harper issued forth from his Castle, and appeared in their midst, vociferating with a loud voice and wild mein:

6. Long live the King and his great Chief Lecompton!

7. And the people were amazed at his words, and exclaimed:

8. Cast this man forth from among us, for by his teachings, have we not lost the spoils of office, and has not the cause of the Black Republicans triumphed to the utter destruction of the cause of the King in the land of Knox?

9. And Lecky the Harper bowed his head and wept, and, with a pitiful voice, he cried:

10. Cast me not forth to the tender mercies of mine enemies, for the Black Republicans will have me not, nor will the Yellow Republicans fellowship with me, and if ye cast me forth with the brand of infamy on my brow, "where shall I go?"

11. And the hearts of the King's friends softened, and they said, with a voice of distrust:

12. Since we brought ye from the land of Pennsylvania, on probation, ye may tarry with us for the space of one year longer, for in that time ye will have performed your mission, the utter destruction of the cause of the King in the land of Knox, as has come to pass in every land where ye have pitched your tent.

13. Now, when the people had assembled themselves together in the Castle, they chose from amongst the Chiefs John the Consul, to preside over them, and installed as Scribe, Baldwin the Renegade.

14. Among the Chiefs who came from afar, were Samuel the War Horse, William the Bologna Sausage Chief, Belden the Chief Prosecutor, Safford the Senator, Prentiss the Chief Spy, and Mat the Martin, a Stipendary in the Treasury Department in the land of Washington.

15. Now, all these Chieftains, excepting Safford the Senator, were in the pay of the King, and the people marvelled greatly amongst themselves, why they deserted their posts to travel unto a far land to speak unto them.

16. And the people murmured one to the other, saying:

17. In the days of good

old King Hickory, these things would not have come to pass, for the good old King would have sworn in his wrath, "By the Eternal! the man who leaves his post shall die!"

18. And when the people had ceased their murmuring, Matthew the Irritable came forth smiling, and said:

19. Behold! I present to you the great Chief, Belden the Prosecutor, who hath been swiftly converted from his heresies, and from following of the Little Giant, by a small parchment, with the King's name thereunto attached, making him the King's Attorney over the people of the land of Northern Ohio.

20. And the Chief Prosecutor put forth his hand and commanded silence, for the people murmured one with the other, saying:

21. Why should the King go forth into the ranks of his enemies, and buy, with the gold of office, his Chief Speakers? Have we none faithful to the cause of the King among us?

22. And when silence prevailed, the Chief Prosecutor spake unto the people, saying:

23. In times gone by he spake unto a great people called by two names—the

people Democratic, and the people Black Republican, but now I find three: by what name shall this third people be called?

24. And Matthew the Irritable cried with a voice of anguish, for the divisions among the people Democratic vexed him sorely:

25. Call them the "Dilapidated Democrats!" and thereat the face of John the Consul was seen to smile, for the name suited him to a T!

26. Then the Chief Prosecutor shook his curly locks, and wiped his flattened nose, and said:

27. No! the name sounds stale—call this third people "Yellow Republicans!" it suits my complexion best!

28. Again came forth Matthew the Irritable, leading Samuel the War Horse, saying:



29. Harken unto my voice, ye people of the land of Knox, and give heed unto my words, that ye may learn wisdom.

30. This is the mighty Old War Horse, the fame of whose ravages hath reached even unto the remotest cor-

ners of the land of America.

31. So terrible were his depredations in the land of Ohio, that the people thereof besieged the Castle of the King, and suffered him not to rest in peace, until he gave heed unto their complaints.

32. And the King commanded his head groomsman to journey with the Old War Horse unto the green pastures of the land of Minnesota, and to cast him loose among the Half Breeds of that land.



33. And the head groomsman and the Old War Horse journeyed unto the land of Minnesota, and the head groomsman, by command of the King, made the Old War Horse Governor over the Half Breeds of that land.

34. And in the short space of six months thereafter, the Half Breeds of the land of Minnesota, assembled themselves together, and, forming for themselves a Constitution, beleaguered the doors of Congress for admission into the Union as a Sovereign State.

so devastating had been the depredations of the Old War Horse.

35. And the King took compassion upon the Half Breeds of the land of Minnesota, and gave unto the Old War Horse six thousand dollars worth of oats in the City of Columbus, in the land of Ohio, fearing, peradventure, lest the heels of the Old War Horse should be found kicking against the throne of the King, with the determination to accomplish the destruction thereof.

36. And the people of the land of Knox wondered one with the other, saying:

37. What hath this Pedigree of the Old War Horse to do with the direful divisions among the people Democratic in the land of America, as to the ruling of the Lecompton Chieftain.

38. Again came forth Matthew the Irritable, and, in a voice like unto the barking of a dog, cried:

39. Behold the great Bologna Sausage Chief, William the Sawyer, of the region of Hoop-poles, in the land of Anglaize.

40. The fame of whose deeds, while in the councils of the nation, are yet odoriferous in the land of Columbia, for great was the havoc among the canines of the land, and the matrons mourned for their first born, and refused to be comforted, for they were not.

41. And the people of the land of Columbia rebelled, for their goods were exposed to the midnight plunderer, for so destructive was the war of the butcher, that not a guardian dog was spared as

a monument to the satiated stomach of the Bologna Chief.

42. And the people drove him forth from among them, and he became a wanderer in the land of his brethren.

43. And his fame followed him whichsoever way he went; and even now, although his teeth have become like snags, the dogs are fearful of showing their faces within three score and ten miles of his whereabouts, lest, peradventure, they go the way of their departed brethren.

44. Then the people of the land of Knox, who were assembled in the Castle, arose to their feet in disgust, and departed for their homes,

45. For they came not together to hearken unto the depredations of the Old War Horse, and to the gluttonous exploits of the Bologna Chief,

46. But to give heed unto the words of the friends of the King, and to hearken unto the reasons why the Chieftain Lecompton should rule over the people of the land of Kansas.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the evening of the fifteenth day of the month of March, in the second year of the reign of James the Second, John the Consul prepared for the followers of the King in the land of Knox, a feast.



2. And Castle Woodward throughout the day, resounded with the sound of the hammer and the buzz of the saw.

3. And Abel the Reader of the Globe, worked diligently from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, in preparing the board for the reception of the good things of the land.

4. Now, John the Consul had brought with him from a former journey to the land of France, some of its exhilarating vintage:

5. And the fame thereof had reached even unto the remotest corners of the land of Knox,

6. And the eyes of the

Nephites were made to glisten with its virtues, and their tongues were loosened to sing its praise.

7. And as the King had commanded John the Consul to gather together his followers, in the land of Knox, and to obtain their endorsement, that he was right "on the goose," before he humbled himself at the foot of the throne, it became the Consul to administer spirituous consolation to the hearts of the people.

8. And John caused his servants to bountifully supply the table with his choicest wines: yea, even the wine of the land of France.

9. And his servants bore unto the Castle Woodward five thousand three hundred and three score and two bottles of the vintage of the land of France.

10. And in the centre of the east table was placed a pyramid of sweetened dough, and on the top thereof was placed the Horn of the King, and the points thereof were red, as with the blood of Bleeding Kansas.

11. And the followers of the King bowed themselves

and did homage unto the symbol of Majesty.

12. At the outer gate of the Castle stood Fordney the would-be Assessor, to receive the tax of the people, for an assessment of twenty-five cents per caput had been laid upon the revellers at the Consul's feast.

13. The number thereof was computed at two hundred men, women, boys and democrats.

14. And all the Chiefs who had wives took them to the feast, and those who had no wives took two, and the beauty, both matron and maiden, of the city, were there in all their hoops and sparkling gems.

15. And when the guests had assembled themselves together in the banqueting room,

16. Matthew the Irritable presented himself before the guests, and spake unto them, saying:

17. Men, women and democrats! Ye that have ears hearken unto my voice, and heed the wisdom of my loyal words.

18. Who so eminently qualified to sit at the head of the feast, as the great Bologna Chief, whose history ye have this day listened unto.

19. A Chief whose head is silvered o'er with the bi-

ting frosts of Democracy, and whose aged limbs totter with the weight of the King's favors:

20. A mighty Chief who knows no kindred, save those who worship at the shrine of power, and sell themselves for a mess of spoils:

21. A Chief, at the mention of whose name, the elder dogs refuse to bark, and the little puppies subdue their whine:

22. A Chief whom God has given just sense enough to be a Democrat, and to tremble at the frown of the King:

23. A Chief high in favor with the king, and who is even now journeying unto the land of Minnesota, to rule over one of the land offices of that people, and who is to receive therefor the sum of nine thousand dollars annually of the revenue thereof.

24. Again spake Matthew the Irritable unto the assembled guests, saying:

25. This is Mat the Martin, a Stipendary in the pay of the Treasury Department in the land of Washington. Though small in stature, he is yet mighty in the cause of the King:

26. As a child, at the breast of his maternal parent, he sucked in Democracy, and from the day he was weaned unto the reign of James the

Second, he has been a sucker at the public teat, and like Oliver Twist, his cry is still for "more!"

27. And the guests at the Consul's feast murmured one to the other, for they came not to hear these sayings of Matthew the Irritable, but to partake of the good things prepared by the Consul, and to drink of the famous wine of the land of France.

28. Now, among the revellers, was Safford the Senator, from the land of Ross, whose brain had been working, and the Chieftains of the land of Knox were fearful that, unless he were permitted to deliver himself, he would go straightway and do something desperate.

29. And they took compassion upon his bowels, and led him to the side of the Bologna Chief:

30. And for the space of two hours his voice was heard rumbling through the Banqueting Hall, like unto the noise of an army afflicted with the summer complaint.

31. Again spake Matthew the Irritable unto the Bologna Chief, saying:

32. There is an old backwood's axiom, that this was a very good frolic, but a long time between drams!

33. Then the guests arose to their feet, and took their

places around the festal board, and the vintage of the land of France was in great demand, and the guest became merry, and they reeled to and fro, as men maddened with the rectified spirit of corn.

34. And the tongues of the Hard Sock Chief, the Old War Horse, Baldwin the Renegade, Belden the Prosecutor, and Lecky the Harper, became as the tongues of the possessed, and inundated the guests with a diarrhoea of words.

35. And Safford the Senator became as one escaped from the Lunatic Asylum, and exclaimed, with the voice of a maniac:

36. "Save me, Sam! or I perish!" and he fell into the arms of the Old War Horse as dead.

37. Now, among the guests, were a number of the youths of the land, styling themselves "Young America," and they made themselves merry with the sayings and doings of the wavering Chieftains.

38. And Matthew the Irritable waxed wroth at the gibes of Young America, and he commanded them to leave his presence.

39. But, having paid their assessment at the gate, they heeded not his commands, but tarried in their midst.

40. And the hands of

Matthew became incensed at the words of Young America, and the fingers thereof clasped the thorax of the young Chieftain Brown, and William the Master of the Posts, caught the raiment of Matthew by the hinder part thereof.

41. And great was the commotion thereat, for the young Chieftain Brown was a slight youth of some seventeen summers, and the guests trembled, lest, peradventure, he suffer violence at the hands of his incensed enemies.

42. And the muscles passing through the arms of Matthew, were seen to expand and contract, as though they were of gutta percha.

43. And in a voice hoarse with passion, he vociferated:

44. "You infamous scoundrel! I have known you for twenty years! and you have always opposed the Democratic party!"

45. And the clarion voice of the Chieftain Brook, of the House of Terry, rang through the Hall: "Young America! to the rescue!"

46. Likewise the voice of Prentiss the Spy, was heard, saying: "Ho! ye followers of the King! to the rescue of our Irritable Chief!"

47. But the counsels of the more prudent prevailed, and the belligerent forces with-

drew from the well fought field, and pitched their tents for the night within sight of the camp-fires of the enemy.

48. Now, fearing the turbulent spirits of the followers of the King,

49. John the Consul, Matthew the Irritable, William the would-be Congressman, William the Beamite, and Samuel the Israelite, had issued their written commands unto

50. Rolin the Judge, McClélland the Commissioner, Warden the Merchant, Norton the Old War Horse of Whiggery, and to Huntsberry the Tinner, all mighty Chiefs in the ranks of the Black Republicans,

51. And likewise unto Joseph the Lawyer, the puissant Chief of the undivided Vance force,

52. Commanding them to be present at the festival of the Chief Consul, hoping, thereby, from their respected and well known virtues, to keep in subjection the warlike proclivities of the followers of the King.

53. But the Chieftains of the Black Republican forces, and the Chief of the Vance party, hearkened not unto their commands, saying:

54. "Let them alone!—They whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

CHAPTER X.

AMONG the Chieftains who had declared for the King, were Edward the Witless, and Samuel the Israelite.

2. But the assembling together of the people of the land of Knox, on the sixth day of the month of March, in the second year of the reign of James the Second, caused them to falter in the course they were pursuing.

3. And Edward journeyed to the North, even unto the land around and about the deep waters of the Lakes.

4. And he tarried among his friends until after the assembling together of the people on the fifteenth day of the month of March, and he came not near the forces of the King, nor unto the Banquet prepared by the Chief Consul.

5. But Samuel the Israelite journeyed not away, but tarried in the land of Knox;

6. And on the thoroughfares leading to the City of Vernon, he advocated the cause of the King, but at the hour of battle he came not forth, nor was his presence noted at the Banquet of John the Chief Consul.

7. And the friends of the King marvelled greatly one to the other, saying:

8. What means this? Is Samuel the Israelite aping the Pughing Senator from the land of Ohio, in advocating by speech the cause of the King, and then giving aid and comfort to the cause of the Little Giant, by refusing to eat at the Chief Consul's table?

9. Is it his desire to fill the seat in the Councils of the Nation, now occupied by the Burning Chieftain of the land of Coshocton?

10. Or has he his eye fixed upon the far off port of Marseilles in the land of sunny France?

11. Now, this division among the people Democratic, sorely vexed the Israelitish Chieftain,

12. And he compared it like unto a monkey climbing a pole, and exposing his western extremities to the gaze of an applauding people, saying:

13. Although the face Democratic has brass enough in its composition to imitate the monkey, yet let us not uncover ourselves before the Black Republicans, for they already see enough of our nakedness, to mantle our cheeks with the blush of shame!

14. Now, therefore, being a Chieftain of great cunning,

Samuel kept aloof from all these gatherings of the people, hoping, thereby, to preserve a spotless record.

CHAPTER XI.

AMONG all the Chieftains in the land of Knox there are none more faithful to the cause of the King, than Abel the Reader of the Congressional Globe.

2. Now, Abel is both a wise and a good Chief, for during the days allotted to labor, he diligently studies his Bible, and on the seventh day he rests from his toil, and communes with the teachings of the Globe, and is exceedingly refreshed thereby.

3. And he abides not the presence of those tainted with the slime of the Know Nothing dens, but shunes them as a pestilence.

4. Even the Sanctuary of the Most High, soothes not his resentment against them, but in his wrath he Pilchers from under the droppings of the Gospel, at the sound of the voice of a Lamanite.



5. And the heart of Abel taught him to shun the Banquet of the Chief Consul, as a place fit only for the ungodly, and all its guests he fervently consigned to the land of Gehenna.

6. And he came not unto the Banquet, but on the going down of the sun, he retired unto his Castle, and slept the sleep of the sober.

CHAPTER XII.

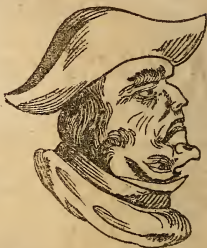
IN the first day of the month of April in the second year of the reign of James the Second, news came to the people of the land of Knox, that the forces under the King in the land of Washington, had been discomfitted, and that the Chief-tain Lecompton had fled from his post, leaving his dead unburied, and his wounded in the hands of the Little Giant.



2. Now, these tidings struck the hearts of the followers of the King in the land of Knox with dismay, for the King had sworn in his wrath that in sixty days Lecompton should triumph, or he would die!

3. And Eli the Miller, Matthew the Irritable, William the would-be Congressman, and the other Chief-tains in the land of Knox who were friendly to the King, bowed them themselves down, and wept, refusing to be comforted, for they were sorely grieved at the fear of the King's death, for they

placed great confidence in his word.



4. But on the second day of the month of April, the spirits of Matthew revived, and he conversed with his friends, saying:

5. Prophecied I not these things unto you? This defeat of the King for several days have I expected and looked for!

6. And the people were amazed at his sayings, for the "oldest inhabitant" remembered not his prophecy.

7. But William the would-be Congressman, abided not the smiles of the friends of the Little Giant, but fled from their presence, and taking his fishing line and rod, and a box of worms, cast himself down on the banks of the Kokosing and bobbed for eels.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGHOUT the land of Washington the groans of those wounded in the battle between the followers of the King and of the Little

Giant, mingled with the war cry of the victors.

2. And the King became exceedingly alarmed, lest, per- adventure, he should fall into the hands of his enemies.



3. And to the East, and to the West, and to the North, and to the South, he sent forth Messengers to gather in his forces, and to buy up with the gold of office, or with Majestic smiles, the lukewarm, and the timid.

4. For the King, though defeated, had resolved "never to say die!"

5. To the sordid he promised coinage of gold and silver; to the eyes of the ambitious, he presented visions of offices of honor and profit:

6. And unto the vain and the proud he spread forth costly and fine raiment, and

clothed them in garments to appear in the presence of the King.

7. Among the Chieftains in the Councils of the Nation, was the Burning Chieftain from the land of Ohio.

8. Now, this Chieftain had left his Castle in the land of Coshocton, to take his seat with the Law-makers in the land of Washington, a bold and noisy follower of the Little Giant, and had vauntingly declared that before his prowess, the mighty Lecompton should flee as though pursued by an army with Banners.

9. As he journeyed he

nursed his wrath, so much indeed, that his face became terrible to look upon.

10. And while passing a place known in history as Mason and Dixon's line, laboring under an hallucination of the brain, that his foe was within his grasp,

11. So mighty were his efforts to destroy his adversary, that he tore his shirt.

12. And the heart of the Shirtless Chieftain wilted at this calamity, and he fled to the bosom of the King as a place of refuge for the naked.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIGH in the favor of the Little Giant stood the Lilliputian Chief from the land of Ohio, familiarly called by his friends the "Great Old Sunset," but by his fond parents baptised Samuel Sullivan



2. So mighty was he in his onslaught upon the King and his followers, that the people were amazed; for they dreamed not so much valor was contained in so small a
page.

3. And the praise of his deeds sounded sweetly to the ear, and his heart was made glad thereat.

4. But at the praise of the Sunset Chief the King trembled as in the presence of a goblin, and he became as one bereft of reason, for in all the ranks of the rebels were there none so much to be feared as this geminacious Chieftain.

5. For he boldly rushed into places where others feared to tread.

6. Now, to appease the wrath of this Chieftain, the King commanded his Courtiers to go forth and to reason with him.

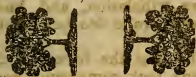
7. And the Courtiers of the King did as they were commanded, and the legs of the Sun-down Chief tottered, and he fell prostrate, so powerful was the effect of an English bribe.

8. And the Little Giant



and his followers were as dunab-founded, for they looked not for this desertion on the part of one who had prophesied that sooner than desert the cause of the people,

9. All the Hickory trees so majestically flourishing throughout the forests of the mighty West, should be eradicated by the roots,



10. And their dead bodies erected into a funereal pyre, upon which to immolate his vaulting ambition.

11. Now, when the tidings of the desertion of the Sun-

down Chief reached the ears of the people dwelling in the City of Columbus,

12. They stood aghast, and would not be convinced that this thing had come to pass.

13. And they sent unto him word commanding him to appear in their presence, and show cause why he had done this foul thing.

14. And he hastened unto the City and appeared before them, and rendered an account of his stewardship.

15. But the wrath of the people would not be appeased, and they drove him from their presence amid taunts and gibes for his faithlessness.

16. And the crestfallen Chief made great speed back to the King, and represented unto him

17. That throughout the length and breadth of his District, there prevailed a terrible epidemic, threatening the King and all his followers with the fate of the Syrian cohorts, but more especially unto him the late glorious Sunset Chief.



CHAPTER XV.

NOW, when the King had gathered together the stragglers, and secured to his cause the weak and the vibratory,

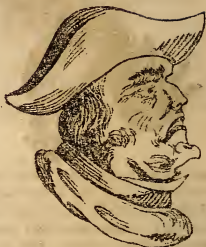
2. He caused the command to be given along the line, that on the morrow he should move his forces, and give battle unto the enemy.

3. And on the morning of the thirtieth day of the month of April in the second year of his reign, the forces of the King encountered the forces of the Little Giant, and drove them from the field with great slaughter.

4. And the joy of the King thereat was exceedingly great, for his strength was nearly spent, and had his forces been repulsed, the King would have died.

5. At his defeat the Little Giant manfully stood his ground, but his forces were utterly prostrated and destroyed.

6. Now, when the tidings of the triumph of the King reached the land of Knox, great was the rejoicing of the loyalists thereat, and they were seen to smile at the agony of the "dilapidated."



7. But the friends of the Little Giant hid themselves in the hedges and ditches by the way side for the space of three days, for they were in sore tribulation, and knew not where to flee for consolation.

8. But the friends of the King took compassion upon them, promising to go snooks in the plunder of the Government, and they sought the shelter of the Democratic Hive, and entering dwelt therein.



9. Thus exemplifying the saying of the great Nullifier, "that the Democratic party can only be held together by the cohesive power of public plunder."

10. And the thirtieth day of the month of April in the second year of the reign of James the Second, is now recorded in the pages of history.

11. AS THE BLACK FRIDAY!



12. The King having thus successfully terminated his crusade against his dilapidated



or Yellow Republican foes, turned his attention to the subjugation of the numerous wives (having none of his own) of the settlers on the far distant plains of Utah!

CHAPTER XVI.

NOW, the vacillating course of Lecky the Harper during the early part of the war, caused him to be suspected both by the followers of the King and of the Little Giant.

2. And arrangements were made by both forces, to dance to the music of a new organ, should the Harper tune his lyre to sing the praise of either party.

3. And when, on the fifteenth day of the month of March, he squatted on the side of the King,

4. William the Gastonite, James the Keeper of the Iron Horse, Jacob of the House of Ly Brand, and other followers of the Little Giant,

5. Sent their commands unto the City of Brotherly Love,

6. Ordering forthwith to be sent unto them the press, types, and other apparatus, necessary for printing their commands to the people to sustain the cause of the Little Giant.

7. And the charge thereof was given unto Raguet the Spouter, and Agnew the Tall.

8. And unto William the Gastonite, and to Charles the Scribner, were delegated the command of the ordnance department.

9. And on the twenty-second day of the month of April in the second year of the reign of James the Second,

10. The Mt. Vernon National was cast adrift upon the waters, to be buffeted from point to point by the winds and agitated waves of the political ocean.

11. Now, Raguet the Vapory Spouter, flew from one Black Republican to another,

12. Appealing to their prejudices against Lecky the Harper, and praying them to countenance the cause of the Little Giant, by rendering unto the National "material aid and comfort;"

13. Promising to make it discourse such music as would make their hearts to leap with exceeding great joy.

14. And the Black Republicans hearkened unto his specious words, and graciously smiled upon his efforts.

15. And they courageously stepped forth and placed their names upon his books to a number almost fabulous.

16. But alas! the words of the Spouter was as mist, and his promises as chaff, to vanish at a zephyr's breath.

17. Illustrating the fable of the Frozen Serpent so touchingly portrayed by the inspired pen of Esop, the renowned Historian,

18. Which stung to death the bosom whose warmth had given it life.

19. For the space of four-

teen days, the National was faithful to the cause of the Little Giant, and boldly vapored in the presence of the King.

20. But after the defeat of the Little Giant on the fatal Black Friday, the National spiked its guns, and went over to the side of the King:

21. And is now battling shoulder to shoulder with Lecky the Harper, and vainly striving to supplant the Banner in the affections of the King and of his followers in the land of Knox.

22. Now, for some time past, the mind of William the Gastonite, had been exercised as to what he should liken Lecompton!

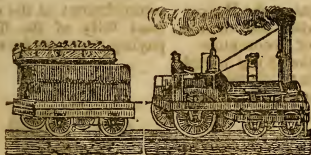
23. At times it was like a Camel! then again an Elephant! then a Whale! but his mind finally became fixed that it was a Weasel!

24. Now, to ease the troubled mind of the perplexed Chieftain,

25. James the Keeper of the Iron Horse,

26. Dispatched a special Freight Train, numerously manned by the hardy sons of the Emerald Isle,

27. To discover and capture a Weasel, to convince the Chieftain that Lecompton was not a Mythe.



28. And the Freight Train departed on its mission,

29. And after a long and perilous journey, the sons of St. Patrick discovered, and, after a sharp conflict, captured, two specimens of animalculæ, designated by Naturalists as Weasels!

30. And placing them securely within an old nail keg, the explorers returned to the City of Vernon, amid the noise and smoke of an exasperated Bull-gine.

31. And in triumph the

Keeper of the Iron Horse sent unto the Castle of the Gastonite, the imprisoned animals.

32. And the eyes of the Gastonite opened, and he became convinced,

33. That Lecompton was not a Weasel!

34. And now, in all the land, Lecompton has not a more devoted follower, than Gaston the Weasel Chief, late principal fogleman for the Little Giant in the land of Knox.

CHAPTER XVII.

UPON the desertion of the cause of the Little Giant by the National, Lecky the Harper became sorely alarmed,

2. For the prospects are fair, that he will be unhorsed, and the trident as Democratic music grinder, depart from him forever;

3. For such is the edict

promulgated by Raguet the Spouter, that the mission of the National was to lower the Banner, and number it among the things that were.

4. And Lecky journeyed unto the King, and humbly pressing his claims, asked a reward for his services as advocate for the loyal cause.

5. And the King's heart softened, for his wrath had

waxed hot against the Harper for his serpentine movements in the cause of Lecompton.

6. And the King issued his commands to the Secretary of the Navy, to give unto Lecky the advertisements of that Department,

7. That in case of collision with the National, the Banner might give it "Tar."

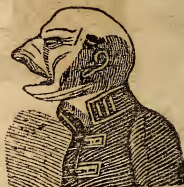
8. And the heart of the Harper was made glad, and his feet kept time to the music of the bags.



9. But when he appeared before the Secretary, and presented unto him the commands of the King,

10. The mouth of that functionary flew open with

astonishment at the extravagant folly of the King, in paying 'so much for so little.'



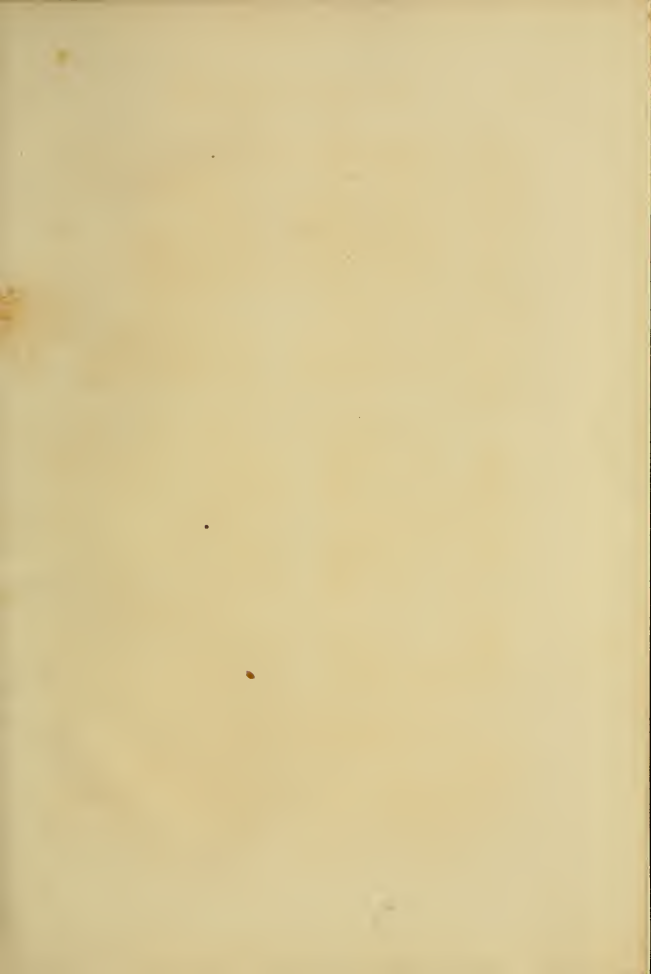
11. And Lecky the Harper returned to his Castle in the land of Knox, greatly benefitted by his sojourn with the King.

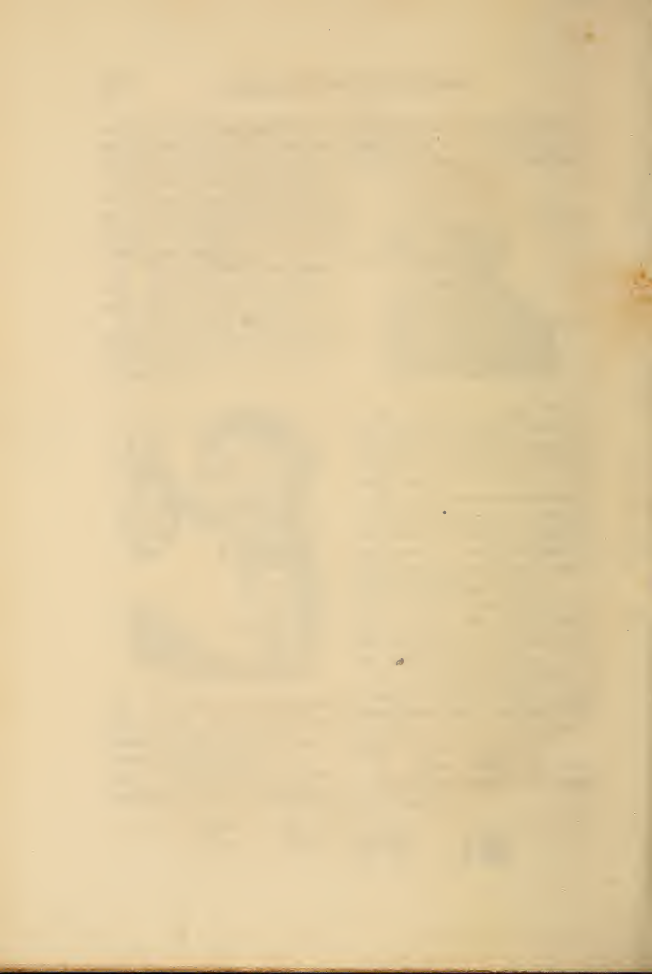
12. And now the National and the Banner are vieing one with the other to print the hardest "cock and bull" story against the Black Republican Chief, Cochran,

13. For sanctioning by law, in the land of Ohio, the commingling of the blood of the white with the black.

14. And advocating themselves the same thing in the licentious South, without the sanction of law, or the revelation of the gospel.

15. Thus endth the 1st Book of Chronicles, of James the Second!









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